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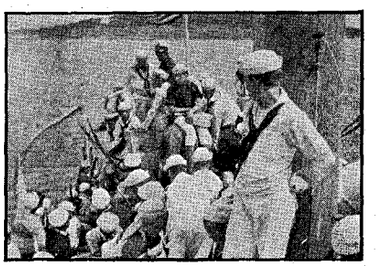

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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

BIOGRAPHY

Leo Tolstoy. By Aylmer Maude. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

We agree with the author of this Life in the belief that there is much danger of underrating the influence of Tolstoy, whose writings have done a great deal to disseminate a spirit of lawless individualism in cultivated circles. We do not know of any brief life of Tolstoy better fitted for the use of the general reader.

New Light on Lord Macaulay (A). By Albert R. Hassard, B.C.L. The Rockingham Press, Toronto. 75c.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Social History of the American Family (A). From Colonial Times to the Present. By Arthur W. Calhoun, Ph.D. Vol. III—**Since the Civil War.** The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland. $5.

The work of a college professor who is an avowed Socialist, this comprehensive history (of which the concluding volume is now published) will be recognized as an important and unusual contribution to sociology. Unlike many productions by Socialistic authors, these volumes show no spirit of propaganda, but rather an open-mindedness and a judicial quality that will tend to win dispassionate reading. The author's plan is to present facts systematically and to minimize generalizations, though he lacks not the courage of his conviction that a new social order is at hand.

POETRY

Liberty Illumined. By Charles H. Crandall. Illustrated. The Advocate Print, Stamford, Conn.

The making of these stirring patriotic poems was the home service of a father who sent three sons to the war, one of them to die heroically at the Marne. Such a book is outside the usual field of literary criticism. A reviewer can do no more than commend its ringing sincerity and to remind the hypercritical that a poem need not be high art to sink deeply into the hearts of men.

War Poems from the Yale Review. With a Foreword by the Editors. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.

Winged Spirit (The), and Other Poems. By Marie Tudor. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

WAR BOOKS

"Dear Folks at Home . . ." The Glorious Story of the United States Marines in France as Told by Their Letters from the Battlefield. Compiled by Kemper F. Cowing. Edited by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Naval Reserve (The). By Frank Hunter Potter. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.35.

This is a lively and well-illustrated account of the activities of the Naval Reserve. Every boy who loves the sea should own this book. It is full of good stories and of good cheer—of special cheer indeed for the fathers and mothers who have given their sons to serve our country in the Naval Reserve. Through his extensive and intimate contact with Naval Reserve men Mr. Potter knows well what he is writing about; he has produced a truly human story. It by no means becomes out of date through the coming of peace, for many of the Naval Reserve stations will, it is announced, be continued for the purpose of training sailors for our new merchant marine.

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By Mary Heaton Vorse

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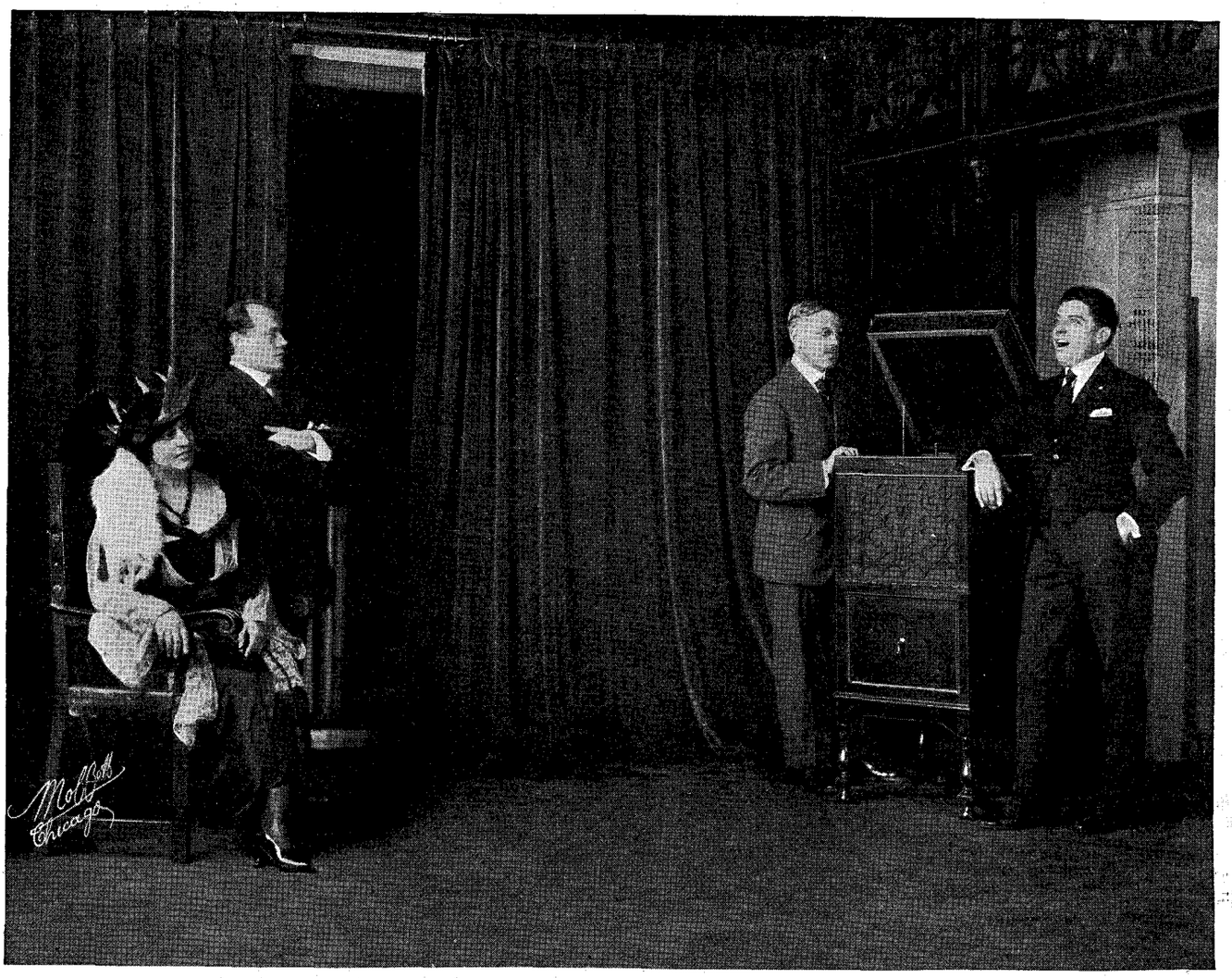

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The Outlook

MARCH 12, 1919

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

ITS SUPPORTERS, ITS OPPONENTS, AND AN EDITORIAL INTERPRETATION

I—THE VIEWS OF ITS SUPPORTERS

AT a great mass-meeting held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on the evening of March 4, the day before the President sailed on his second visit to Europe, the proposed League of Nations was explained and defended by ex-President Taft and the President himself. Both of them expressed their satisfaction in appearing on a joint platform for a joint purpose, since this was the best possible testimony to the non-partisanship of the movement. Governor Smith, of New York, presided, and made an excellent impression in the brief but eloquent and effective way in which he introduced the two distinguished speakers. The great auditorium, beautifully decorated with flags, was crowded with an enthusiastic and responsive audience. Mr. Taft never made a finer or more magnetic speech. His candor, his temperate consideration of reasonable criticism, his infectious good humor, and his manifestly deep concern and earnestness produced a great and persuasive impression. The President's speech was an incisive and perfectly phrased argument for the general principles rather than the particular provisions underlying the League of Nations.

MR. TAFT'S ATTITUDE

Stating that he had long been in favor of the settlement of international questions wherever possible by judicial procedure, Mr. Taft pointed out what he called "the three important nubs" of the proposed covenant creating a League of Nations—the reduction of armaments, the submission of differences to arbitration, and the employment of the social and industrial boycott before going to war. He expressed his welcome of criticism, some of which, like Senator Lodge's, he believed would prove useful in so amending the League of Nations plan as to make it more clear and definite. For example, a statement sustaining the Monroe Doctrine might be incorporated in the constitution of the League, "provided the proper definition of the Monroe Doctrine were made." He believed this would be welcome, for "the European nations desire our entrance into this League, not that they may control America, but to secure our aid in controlling Europe." He asserted his belief that Washington, if he were here, would approve and indorse the League idea. Washington's often misquoted and misinterpreted doctrine of entangling alliances was aimed at the old method of an alliance with one or more particular nations. The idea that the League abrogates, weakens, or antagonizes the Constitution of the United States is not tenable. If so, all treaties are unconstitutional. The Constitutional treaty-making power of the Senate enables that body, with the President, to make contracts with other nations, and the regular Constitutional administrative machinery of the Government is employed to carry out those contracts. So it will be in this case. Lastly, the League of Nations is a vital and inevitable part of the general Peace Treaty, for we must have such a League in order to stabilize the terms of peace. We have by participating in this war created several new nations. They must be aided to establish themselves as the United States aided Cuba to establish herself. This cannot be done without a League of Nations.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

The President showed in his physical appearance the tremendous strain that he has been under. The intonations of his voice, although distinct, were quiet and even conversational, but his diction, as it always is, was elevated, fine, and coherent. Referring to Mr. Taft's address he said: "I am happy to associate myself with Mr. Taft in this great cause. He has displayed an elevation of view and a devotion to public duty which is beyond praise. And I am the more happy because this means that this is not a party issue. No party has the right to appropriate this issue, and no party will in the long run dare oppose it." Stating that Mr. Taft had made "so clear and admirable an exposition" of the proposed covenant of the League of Nations that it was not necessary for him to discuss the contents of the document, he said that he would rather try to give an impression of the spirit in which it was produced. This spiritual picture he drew with clearness, but because it was a picture it cannot be summarized. He repeated what he said in Boston, that a League of Nations is now the hope of the world, and if we fail to participate in it we shall change that hope into black despair. The first and most important thing that the League will accomplish will be to put a stop to international intrigue. "Intrigue cannot stand publicity, and if the League of Nations were nothing but a great debating society it would kill intrigue." Referring with approval to Mr. Taft's opinion of what Washington's attitude would be, he said: "And the thing that he [Washington] longed for was just what we are now about to supply—an arrangement which will disentangle all the alliances in the world. . . . Nothing entangles a nation, hampers it, binds it, except to enter into a combination with some other nation against the other nations of the world. Under the proposed League nations promise not to have alliances, not to make combinations against each other. Nations agree that there shall be but one combination, and that is the combination of all against the wrongdoer." The President referred only briefly to the criticisms. "I have heard," he said, "no constructive suggestion. I have heard nothing except 'Will it not be dangerous to us to help the world?' It would be fatal to us not to help. From being what I will venture to call the most famous and most powerful Nation in the world, we would of a sudden have become the most contemptible."

The President concluded with a little human picture which we quote:

> When I was in Italy a little limping group of wounded Italian soldiers sought an interview with me. I could not conjecture what it was they were going to say to me, and with the greatest simplicity, with a touching simplicity, they presented me with a petition in favor of the League of Nations. Their wounded limbs, their impaired vitality, were the only argument they brought with them. It was a simple request that I lend all the influence that I might happen to have to relieve future generations of the sacrifices that they had been obliged to make. That appeal has remained in my mind as I have ridden along the streets in European capitals and heard cries of the crowd, cries for the League of

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Nations, from lips of people who, I venture to say, had no particular notion of how it was to be done, who were not ready to propose a plan for a League of Nations, but whose hearts said that something by way of a combination of all men everywhere must come out of this. . .

It is inconceivable that we should disappoint them, and we shall not. The day will come when men in America will look back with swelling hearts and rising pride that they should have been privileged to make the sacrifice which it was necessary to make in order to combine their might and their moral power with the cause of justice for men of every kind everywhere.

II—THE VIEWS OF ITS OPPONENTS

THIRTY-SEVEN Republican Senators, led by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, have signed a declaration which says that, in their opinion, the United States should not accept the constitution of the League of Nations in the form now proposed to the Peace Conference, that the paramount duty of the country is, first, to settle the terms of peace with Germany on a basis satisfactory to the United States and its allies, and that the "proposal for a League of Nations to insure the permanent peace of the world should then be taken up for careful and serious consideration."

The signers of this declaration will all be members of the next Senate, and will constitute more than one-third of that body, and can therefore, if they retain their present views, prevent the ratification of any treaty which is necessary to make the United States a component party of the proposed League of Nations. For all treaties must be ratified by a two-thirds majority of the Senate.

The ground of this very important and solemn protest is twofold. These Senators believe, first, that the Paris Conference should now devote itself wholly to the peace settlement of this war, leaving the plan of a permanent League of Peace for future and more deliberate consideration; and, second, that the terms of the proposed League, as unanimously recommended to the Peace Conference by the committee of fourteen nations, are many of them unwise and unsafe.

SENATOR LODGE'S OBJECTIONS

Senator Lodge, because of his long term of service in the Senate, his scholarly knowledge of history, and his active participation in and intimate acquaintance with great policies connected with the foreign relations of the United States, is properly regarded by the country as the most influential spokesman of those who regard the proposed League of Nations with anxiety and distrust. In a speech on the floor of the Senate on Friday, February 28, Senator Lodge temperately but definitely voiced his objections to the plan of a League now before the Peace Conference. His objections may be summarized as follows:

The terms of the so-called constitution of the League are vague and indefinite. "Misunderstandings as to terms are not a good foundation for a treaty to promote peace."

The document contains no provision for a dissolution of the League or for the withdrawal at will of a member nation, and the United States is morally bound "to fulfill absolutely, both in letter and spirit," any treaty which it signs. The present covenant would therefore prevent the United States from withdrawing if it should ever deem it wise and necessary to do so.

The covenant violates the principle of Washington's Farewell Address with regard to "permanent alliances." Even in the war we have observed Washington's injunction, for the President "did not permit himself ever to refer to the nations by whose side we fought as 'allies,' but always as 'nations associated with us in the war.' The attitude recommended by Washington was scrupulously maintained even under the pressure of the great conflict."

The proposed structure of the League of Peace nullifies or wipes out of existence the Monroe Doctrine. "The Monroe Doctrine exists solely for the protection of the American hemisphere, and to that hemisphere it was limited. If you extend it to all the world, it ceases to exist."

If we enter this League of Peace, we undertake to guarantee the territorial integrity and the political independence of every other member of the League. If we join the League, "that guarantee we must maintain at any cost when our word is once given." Do we want to guarantee the integrity of the British colonies, the Balkan States, China, Japan, the French, Italian, and Portuguese colonies in Africa, and other distant and foreign nations, with all the moral and physical cost that such guarantees entail?

Membership in the League involves the submission of "every possible international dispute or difference either to the League Court or to the control of the Executive Council of the League." Take immigration, for example. Are we willing to have other nations with preponderance of votes decide our immigration problems for us?

The document appears to provide that the United States will have one vote, while the British Empire, for example, will have five. Do we wish to enter a League in which we may be outvoted in this way?

The proposed covenant of the League indicates that the reduction of armaments and the control of the manufacture of munitions shall be regulated—a vital and important provision. But the way in which this regulation shall be exercised lies in "the misty region of inferences." The articles concerning this question certainly must be more definitely drawn.

Finally, the proposed plan is indefinite in its statement regarding the military forces that must necessarily stand behind the decrees of the League.

After stating the objections, of which the foregoing is a summary, Mr. Lodge concluded as follows:

> Unless some better constitution for a League than this can be drawn, it seems to me, after such examination as I have been able to give, that the world's peace would be much better, much more surely promoted, by allowing the United States to go on under the Monroe Doctrine responsible for the peace of this hemisphere, without any danger of collision with Europe as to questions among the various American States, and if a League is desired, it might be made up by the European nations whose interests are chiefly concerned and with which the United States could co-operate fully and at any time whenever co-operation was needed. . . . I wish *nothing* but *good* to all the races of men. I hope and pray that peace, unbroken peace, may reign everywhere on earth. But America and the American people are first in my heart, now and always.

SENATOR KNOX'S DISSENT

On the day following Mr. Lodge's speech Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, who was Secretary of State in President Taft's Cabinet, made a carefully considered speech on the floor of the Senate also presenting objections to the League. He agrees with Mr. Lodge and the thirty-six other signatories to the Senatorial declaration already referred to, that any attempt to form a League of Nations should be postponed until peace is established on a satisfactory basis.

Senator Knox presented four main objections to the proposed League of Nations: Instead of promoting peace it would promote international differences that would bring on a war greater than the one from which we have just escaped; it would nullify the Constitutional right of Congress to declare war, and is therefore unconstitutional; it is antagonistic to American sovereignty, especially on the questions of armament, commerce, and immigration; and it not only abrogates the Monroe Doctrine, but threatens our independence because the United States would be governed by the votes of foreign

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countries on matters vital to its own life.

Mr. Knox went further than Senator Lodge, and proposed an alternative plan. If there really is a desire of the peoples of the world for a League, they should meet, frame a constitution, one of the first articles of which should declare that war is an "international crime, and that any nation engaging in war except in self-defense when actually attacked should be punished by the world as an international criminal." Such a constitution should establish an International Court, with a code of procedure which should provide that no nation could summon another before the International Court except on international questions, and that matters of domestic policy would be out of the jurisdiction of the Court. Under such a code the United States would not be called upon to arbitrate the Monroe Doctrine, immigration, the right to expel aliens, the right to fortify the Panama Canal or other frontiers, and questions of like character. This International Court should be authorized to call upon the signatory Powers to enforce its decrees, with the express provision that only American Powers should enforce decrees connected with the American hemisphere. Decrees concerning countries in the Eastern Hemisphere (that is to say, in Europe, Africa, or Asia) should be enforced by such means and powers as the Court and the countries of that hemisphere may decide.

It may be said in general that the opponents of the present plan feel that while its language is indefinite its objects are too definite, and that it would compel the United States to yield some of its necessary sovereign powers on the one hand, and, on the other, to assume too great and dangerous a responsibility for world administration.

III—THE OUTLOOK'S VIEW

THE Constitution provides that the President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." It is now proposed to enter into treaties with practically all the civilized nations of the world—we do not regard Germany, Austria, and Turkey as civilized nations. The object of these treaties will be the creation of a League of Nations which will act as a mutual insurance company against war; will create an International Supreme Court to settle international controversies; will use first outlawry, and then, if necessary, an Allied army, to enforce the decrees of such a Court; will take measures to reduce military armaments; will appoint from its membership nations to act as guardians of the colonies which have fallen into the hands of the Allied nations; and will endeavor to secure fair conditions of labor for men, women, and children, both in their own countries and in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend, and for this purpose will establish a permanent International Bureau of Labor.

In drafting this plan the President has disregarded the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution. He has not taken the advice of the Senate nor of its Committee on Foreign Relations, nor, so far as is known, of any of its members. He has not appointed any Senator upon the delegation to accompany him to Europe, nor consulted with the Senate in appointing that delegation. His only advisers have been the representatives of other nations in the Peace Conference and the American delegates whom he selected to accompany him. He has not given to the Senate nor to the people of the United States any information during the progress of the discussions in the Paris Conference. He publicly requested the Senate not to discuss the completed plan proposed to the Peace Conference until he could lay it before an invited delegation of members of Congress at a private dinner. He has declined to call a special session of the Senate to consider the proposed treaties while he is about completing the necessary negotiations. He has intimated that any amendments to the proposed constitution of the League will probably imperil the existence of any League. He has thus throughout played what one of his eulogists calls "a lone hand." And it is reasonable to assume that he would close the transaction and bind the Nation to a radical change in its foreign relations if he had the power to do so.

We have thus stated with entire frankness what we think is probably the most potent objection to the League in the minds of the Senators—an objection not so much to the constitution of the League as to the manner in which that constitution has been framed and is being forced upon the Senate's acceptance.

There is force in this objection. The five Great Powers, while they differ in the form of their constitutions, are all based on the right of the people to a share in the government. If Lloyd George were to pledge Great Britain to a League of Nations, the pledge might be canceled by the people at the next election. If the President were to pledge the people of the United States to such a League and the Senate, acting under political pressure brought to bear upon it, were to assent to such a League without considering the wishes and the judgment of the people, the pledge might similarly be canceled by the people at our next election. In either case the fault would be, not with the people who did not know their own minds, but with officials who did not know the limits of their authority.

The Senators who object to the constitution as proposed have been well within their rights in giving notice to the world that the Senate will not assent to that constitution. It is much better to give that notice to the world now, before the constitution is presented to the Peace Congress for its consideration, than to wait until it has been adopted by the Peace Congress and reported to the Senate for its approval, as it must be reported and approved if America is to be a member of this League. The President would be wise if even now he were to call an extra session of the Senate, ask them to debate the constitution here while the Peace Congress is debating it abroad, and report their conclusion for the guidance of the Peace Congress in its final action. Amendments to this constitution have already been proposed by men of influence in England and in France. There is no reason why they should not be proposed by men who must share with the President in the responsibility for any League of Nations which America joins. It is not improbable that the constitution would be improved by amendments. It is highly probable that the adoption of some of the amendments proposed would make this constitution more satisfactory to the peoples of the five Great Powers, and therefore more likely to prove effective. It is possible that a mere declaratory paragraph would suffice to remove some of the apparent ambiguities which the critics of the present constitution think they discern in it. It is certain that any constitution which depends for its acceptance upon phrases differently understood by the different nations would be, not a basis of international peace, but a source of new international dispute.

But, in our opinion, no amendments are needed to this constitution except for the purpose of making its meaning clear. It undoubtedly contains less than progressives desire and more than conservatives wish to concede; but it is the present culmination toward a new internationalism which has been reached after nearly a quarter of a century of discussion in this country. Its aim to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force

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has had in this country the sanction of men of all parties and of all sections of the country. It has been approved by the press, by the pulpit, and by many commercial and labor organizations. The proposal for such a League, first looked upon with suspicion as the impracticable dream of idealists, has been steadily growing in favor. Last week a message in support of such a League was given to the public, signed by Mr. Taft, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Morgenthau, and Mr. Henry van Dyke. Mr. Taft is a Republican, Mr. Morgenthau is a Democrat, Mr. Lowell and Mr. van Dyke are regarded as Independents. Mr. Taft, one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the United States, represents the legal profession; Mr. Lowell, President of one of the foremost of America's universities, education; Mr. van Dyke, a Presbyterian clergyman of National reputation, the Church; and Mr. Morgenthau, publicist and financier, finance and commerce. Mr. Gompers is reported to have declared himself an advocate of a League, and it is known to be approved by the leaders of organized labor. It appeals to hand-workers whose only duty a century ago was generally thought to be obedience; to colonies to whom it promises government for the benefit of the governed; to taxpayers, burdened by unnecessary armament, some relief from this unnecessary burden; and justice as well as peace to the smaller nations supported by the united pledge of the larger ones.

It is true that such a League is an experiment. It is true that it enters on a new path in the world's history, and that we never know whither an untrodden path will lead us. But the American people have never been timid. They are attracted by new paths. We are a Nation of pioneers. That the League offers a promise of peace and no alternative offer of peace presents itself appeals to America's hatred of war. That in its present form it is an American creation appeals to America's National pride. That it is a novelty and how it will work is as yet unknown appeals to America's love of adventure. It is not easy to see where the reverers of tradition will find arguments sufficiently strong to counteract these three powerful motives—the charm of adventure, National pride, and love of peace.

THE WEEK

THE WAR CONGRESS

THE Sixty-fifth Congress was in existence from March 4, 1917, to March 4, 1919. It has been a war Congress.

The Sixty-sixth Congress will exist from March 4, 1919, to March 4, 1921. It will be a peace Congress.

"The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year," says the Federal Constitution. Because of war exigencies, the Sixty-fifth Congress was called in special session on April 2, 1917. The session lasted till October 6, 1917. The regular session convened on the first Monday in December of that year and adjourned November 21, 1918. On the first Monday in December, 1918, Congress reassembled.

The close of the Sixty-fifth Congress marks the Democratic party's retirement from power. It has controlled the House of Representatives for eight years and the Senate for six years, a period of control both weak and ineffective. The result of the recent election removing this party from power in both houses was a relief, we believe, to the people at large.

The Sixty-fifth Congress will stand out in history as one that authorized the expenditure of an unheard-of sum and the creation of undreamed-of war agencies.

The Sixty-fifth Congress will also be known, not only as a war Congress, but as largely a "rubber stamp" for the President. To some degree this has been due to Mr. Wilson's extraordinary hypnotic powers over individuals and legislators. To a greater degree it is due to two causes connected with Congress itself.

First, its membership was mediocre. It had few real leaders, and the activity of these was smothered by the rule of seniority which put at the head of vitally important committees such men as Senator Stone to manage our foreign affairs and Representative Kitchin to manage our domestic economy. The measures of great moment passed by Congress originated not with it but with the Administration.

Second, even if mediocre, the members of Congress did realize that the war conditions faced by us, with our humiliating unpreparedness to meet them, made it necessary to endow the Executive with far greater autocratic power than any of our Presidents have yet wielded.

The close of the session resulted in the usual jam of legislation. There would not have been such a jam if the President had not been absent in Europe and if we had a proper budget system. As it is, we have no centralized power over the annual departmental estimates; the necessary division of them by many committees consumes almost the entire session. Some day we will have a more businesslike management.

SPEAKER GILLETT

Frederick Huntington Gillett has been chosen Speaker of the next House of Representatives. This is as it should be. Mr. Gillett was head and shoulders above any of his rivals.

He is sixty-seven years old, is a graduate of Amherst and of the Harvard Law School, has been Assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts, has served two terms in the Massachusetts Legislature, and has had twenty-six consecutive years in Congress—the longest consecutive service of any man to be in the House delegation of the Sixty-sixth Congress.

Level-headed, temperate, studious, and respected by every one in the House, Mr. Gillett has long been a great force in its Committee on Appropriations. He is intimately acquainted with all branches of the Government service. He has opposed those who have endeavored to obtain appropriations for alleged improvements on the principle of the pork barrel rather than that of real necessity. He understands perfectly the attempt to charge the cost of operation of a particular improvement to the taxpayers in general rather than to the patrons of the particular improvement. He also understands that all Government employees look to Congress to determine their scale of wages, and that the larger the class of Government employees seeking increased salaries becomes, the more difficult it is for a Congressman to be elected who does not pledge himself first to regard the interests of one class of constituents, and only secondarily to regard the interest of the people as a whole. Finally, out of his twenty years' experience on the Appropriations Committee he understands that our present system is, as he has said, "singularly adapted to encourage extravagance and waste." He therefore stands for a budget system. In 1908 Congress passed a law making it the President's duty to calculate the revenues of each coming year. Mr. Taft did something in this direction; Mr. Wilson has done little.

In discussing the policies to be adopted by the next Congress Mr. Gillett asserts:

> The first act of the new House should be to refuse a seat to Victor Berger.
>
> Twenty years ago I voted to throw out Brigham Roberts because he was a Mormon, living with plural wives, and he was rejected.
>
> There is much more reason to reject Berger, who was under indictment for disloyal acts at the time of his election, while the war was still raging, and who has since been tried and found guilty on the indictment. The evidence convinced me of his disloyalty.

Thus on Americanism, as on appropriations, Mr. Gillett is an expert and courageous leader.

WOMANHOOD INSULTED

The Congressional inquiry concerning the Bolshevist activities reveals the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

PILGRIM LANDING IN AMERICA, 1919

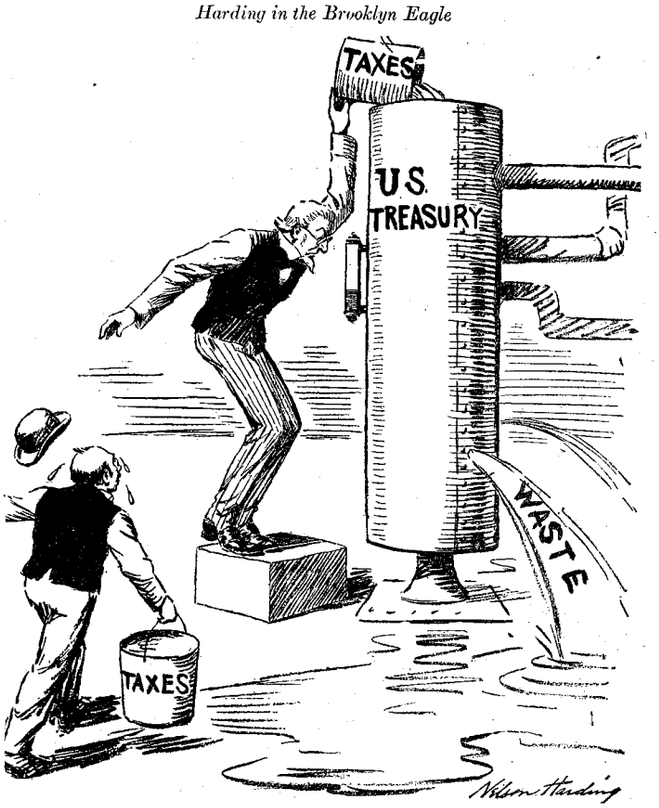
Darling in the New York Tribune

THIS IS A 'ELL OF A 'OLE !
WELL IF YOU KNOW A BETTER 'OLE, GO TO IT.
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO PREVENT WAR
CONGRESS
DARLING
AFTER FAIRNSFATHER "THE BETTER 'OLE"

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ARGUMENT

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND ITS CRITICS

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



STOP THE LEAKS

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MACHINERY

Bushnell in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

"A RANK OUTSIDER"

IN THE OUTER DARKNESS WHERE HE BELONGS

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fact that some of the bravest deeds of this war have been performed by our American troops in North Russia and their British and other allies; if we left Archangel now, a horrible massacre of innocents would result.

The testimony also shows more clearly the systematic destruction of family life. Two decrees were disclosed providing for the "nationalization" of women. One decree, abolishing "the private possession of women," proclaims that "all women are the property of the state," and proceeds as follows:

> Each man wishing a piece of public property should . . . belong to the working family class.
>
> Every working member is obliged to discount two per cent from his earnings to the fund for general public action.
>
> Male citizens not belonging to the working class, in order to have the right, equally with the proletariat, are obliged to pay 100 rubles monthly to the public funds. . . .
>
> All women, . . . the national property, will receive from the funds an allowance of 238 rubles a month.
>
> All pregnant women are released from direct state duties for four months. . . .
>
> Children are given to an institution for training after they are one month old, where they are trained and educated until they are seventeen years old at the cost of the public funds. . . .
>
> The Chief of Anarchists will be in charge of perfecting the temporary arrangements and technical measures concerning the realization of this decree.

The other decree was issued by a local Soviet and cannot be charged to the head organization. In it one finds these provisions:

> A girl having reached her eighteenth year is . . . the property of the state.
>
> Having registered at the Bureau of Free Love, she has a right to choose a cohabitant husband from among the men between the ages of nineteen and fifty.
>
> The consent of the man is unnecessary. The man . . . has no right to make any protest.
>
> The right to choose is also given to men.
>
> Men have the right to choose from among the registered women without the consent of the latter.
>
> The opportunity to choose a husband or a wife is to be presented once a month.

What does American manhood, what does American womanhood, say to all this? And what shall we think of a President who dares to outrage decency, not only by dealing with such swine, but by sending a man like Herron as his agent?

AN INDEFENSIBLE STRIKE

The strike of the harbor workers on boats plying in New York Harbor, including even the ferry-boats, has been resumed as we write, March 4. There is, of course, a possibility that it may be settled before these words are read, but every day that it continues means inconvenience and loss in handling business and discomfort and delay for passengers. This renewal of the former strike is due solely to the refusal of the representatives of the employees to accept the decision made by Mr. Macy, the referee appointed by the War Labor Board to review the testimony and render a decision.

The men went out on strike six or seven weeks ago, and then had a claim to public sympathy in that their contention was that the employers had refused to leave the matter to the decision of the War Labor Board; even after President Wilson had directed by cable the War Labor Board to proceed the employers at first declined through counsel to be represented, but gave way when the War Labor Board announced that it would proceed with the case.

The decision has now been made; the employers offer to abide by the decision or to discuss with the workmen an increase in wages (but not a change of hours) or to discuss with them the formation of a new Board, upon which employers and employees should be equally represented, to investigate and decide as to both wages and working conditions. Nothing, apparently, could be fairer than this, but the employees decline to take any of these three courses and have again appealed to the President.

The question now involved is not whether the Macy decision is satisfactory or not, but whether arbitration shall be binding or worthless. The Macy decision concedes in pay "time and one-half for overtime," as demanded, but awards the eight-hour day for a certain limited class of workers only, while it denies altogether the demand for increase in the wage scale.

Nothing could more forcefully illustrate the deficiency of the law in regard to those industrial disputes in which the public forms the most important party than the history of this case. Arbitration is not self-enforcing and it is not a panacea. It should be a punishable offense for employees of any public utility company in the operation of which general business or the comfort, health, and transportation of citizens is involved to go upon strike unless it be after the refusal of the other party to the controversy to obey the mandate of an official arbitration board. Conversely, if this is done, as it should be, there must be with it compulsory arbitration and means of enforcing its decision. Government should not allow, for instance, railway employees to stop traffic or ferry-boats to cease to run; on the other hand, it cannot compel men to work unless there be a legitimate and official means for settling authoritatively and finally their collective demands.

ARCHBISHOP HAYES

Perhaps the most notable feature of the Pope's promotion of Patrick Joseph Hayes to be Archbishop of the Archdiocese of New York, the largest and richest see in the world, is the fact that this archdiocese has as its head, for the first time, a native-born American. Bishop Hayes's predecessors were Bishops Hughes, McCloskey, Corrigan, and Farley.

Bishop Hayes was born in 1867 near the City Hall in the metropolis, and was educated at St. Andrew's Parochial School and Manhattan College. Thence he went to St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, and won a scholarship in the Catholic University of America at Washington. He became assistant to the late Cardinal Farley at St. Gabriel's Church, New York City, and also served him as secretary.

When the Cathedral College was established, Patrick Hayes was appointed its President. A decade later he became Auxiliary Bishop of New York. He will assume no new jurisdiction until invested with the pallium at his enthronement. The pallium is a white lamb's wool band, about two inches wide, worn about the shoulders as a sign of archiepiscopal authority. It is made from lambs specially raised at Rome for this purpose. The use of the pallium is reserved to the Pope and the archbishops, who may, however, use it only in their respective archdioceses.

The new Archbishop has been a foremost worker in war organization. At our entrance into the war the Catholic Church saw the need of appointing a bishop to recruit and care for the large number of Catholic chaplains in the Army and Navy, and Mgr. Hayes ("Mgr.," short for "Monsignor" or "My Lord," is a title given to distinguished members of the Catholic clergy, whether prelates or not) was made Chaplain Bishop.

Mgr. Hayes was also selected as one of the four bishops who constitute the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council. Mgr. Hayes visited all the camps in this country, and would have visited all those in Europe but for Cardinal Farley's long illness, which necessitated the Bishop's remaining at home.

Protestants as well as Catholics are interested in Bishop Hayes's promotion, not only because it comes at a time when Americanism has had a new birth, but also because many of the Archbishop's friends are outside the Roman Catholic Church. He is genial and friendly, and, so far as one may judge from the impression made upon Protestants, of liberal sympathies. Certainly they hope that his policy will lie along the broad lines well indicated by certain Catholic

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prelates who have been great Americans as well as great Churchmen.

MUSIC IN A MUSEUM

Six free concerts have been given at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. They have been conducted by David Mannes and an orchestra of some fifty musicians taken from leading symphony orchestras in the metropolis. The programmes have been arranged and conducted with the taste and skill which one expects from Mr. Mannes.

The attendance rose from a total of 781 persons at the first concert to a total of 7,066 persons at the last. Gratifying as was this large and steady increase, the character and interest of the audiences were still more impressive. Says Edward Robinson, Director of the Museum, writing in its "Bulletin:"

> The concerts commenced at eight o'clock. Two hours before people began to assemble. By half-past seven the limited seating capacity . . . was entirely taken up, and from that time every nook and cranny from which there was the slightest possibility of hearing was occupied, not only on the two floors of the hall itself, but in all the neighboring galleries. Even the main staircase was so crowded that a passage over it was maintained with difficulty. People were sitting on the floors—where we tried to add a little to their comfort by distributing among them the straw cushions familiar at baseball games—on pedestals, on railings, everywhere that a squatting-place offered itself, and, with all this, hundreds stood patiently through the two hours that the music lasted, applauding no less enthusiastically than their more fortunate neighbors.
>
> Yet, in spite of the crowding, there was not the slightest symptom of disorder. At no time were any of the showcases or objects on exhibition threatened with injury. . . . While the music was being performed practically absolute silence prevailed even in the remoter parts of the audience, and if perchance any one started to talk those about him were quick to remind him what they were there for. In other words, the audience took care of itself most admirably, and left our attendants little to do beyond keeping a clear passageway amid the throng.

As Dr. Robinson adds, the splendid acoustic properties and the noble setting of the Museum, together with the nature of the popular response, proves that the Museum has a new opportunity for service by including music among the arts represented within its walls.

Here, then, is also an opportunity for some benefactor, says Mr. Robert W. de Forest, President of the Board of Trustees. Each concert costs about $1,000, including the expense of lighting and extra attendants; $4,000 would give a series of concerts, and "the income of $100,000 would endow a series in perpetuity."

The Outlook is glad to add that funds have already been guaranteed for four more free concerts. They are being given on the Saturday evenings of March.

NEVER TOO OLD TO BE A PATRIOT

SENATOR George F. Edmunds, who died the other day in his ninety-second year, wrote a ringing letter two months after the Lusitania was sunk, protesting that it was time to "cease futile correspondence" with Germany, time to recognize the fact that Germany was employing "Fabian or Chinese tactics," and time for our Government to resent the delay, to withdraw our Ambassador, and send to the German Ambassador his passports. And a year later he declared, in what was probably his last utterance on public affairs, that our policy toward Germany should be regarded, "not as a matter of danger of warfare, but of honor." Senator Edmunds had retired after a long and eminently useful life of public service; but, old as he was, he was not too old to be a shining example of the patriotism and Americanism which the dastardly act of Germany roused into energetic denunciation. More than a year and a half elapsed after the first letter was written before the Administration turned from words to deeds and followed exactly Senator Edmunds's advice.

Another notable fact about Senator Edmunds is that he always regarded his political career as a vocation rather than as an avocation. This is not very common in this country, but it is a dignified and laudable attitude. Too many of our public men seem to fear lest an intention to serve the public permanently (and therefore with constantly growing knowledge and experience) should be regarded as pretentious or ambitious. To be sure, Senator Edmunds was a lawyer—and an exceedingly good one—but there was never any question from the time when he entered the United States Senate in 1866, and perhaps from the time that he entered the Vermont Legislature in 1854, that his abilities and knowledge were definitely and continuously to be at the call of his country.

In a quarter of a century of Senatorial work his name was connected as that of framer or leading supporter with many exceedingly important pieces of National legislation. Among these were the Sherman-Edmunds Anti-Trust Law, the law abolishing polygamy in Utah, the Civil Service Reform Bill, the Resumption Act, and others only a little less noteworthy.

It is not his brilliant intellectual qualities nor his keenness as a debater and exponent of Constitutional and international questions that will remain longest in the minds of his fellow-countrymen, but his deep and unwavering patriotism.

LENTEN LESSONS—II

"And I saw no temple therein."—Revelation xxi. 22.

IN the Temple were centered the institutions of the religion of Israel—the priesthood, the sacrifices, the public worship. In the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, John saw no institutions of religion.

Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. When the institutions of religion express, interpret, employ, that life of God so as to inspire human life and conduct, they are valuable. When they cease to be effective for that, they do not promote religion, they are a hindrance to it.

In the time of Christ the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem was the greatest institution of religion in the world. When Christ declared that it would be destroyed and not one stone left upon another, the Jews naturally believed that he was prophesying the destruction of religion. But the Jewish religion gained power from its destruction. Faith in one righteous God, who demands righteousness of his children and demands nothing else, went forth into the pagan world and created new institutions for itself. The cathedral took the place of the Temple, the bloodless sacrifice of the Mass took the place of the bloody sacrifices of the Temple, and the Bishop of Rome took the place of the Jewish High Priest.

When Luther denounced the Pope of Rome and separated himself from the cathedral and the Mass, devout Roman Catholics thought he was aiming a blow at religion. But the spirit of religion went out under his leadership into the north of Europe and created new institutions for itself. The church took the place of the cathedral, the Lord's Supper took the place of the Mass, the priests became preachers, the Bible ceased to be a mere chart for the hierarchy and became the guide and the counselor of the people.

A reformed ritual was adopted by law in England, and, under the Stuarts, the attempt was made to compel all citizens in the British Isles to conform to that ritual. When the Puritans refused to conform, and broke away from the Church, they were thought to be attacking religion. But their refusal to use the General Confession was not an attack on repentance; their refusal to use the priestly absolution was not an attack on forgiveness; and their refusal to recite the Ten Commandments in their public worship was not an attack on the Ten Commandments. They were profoundly religious, and they created new institutions for the expression, interpretation, and application to human conduct and character of their religious faith.

The religious institutions of the Protestant churches of America to-day are

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preaching, public worship, the Sabbath school, the prayer-meeting, baptism, and the Lord's Supper. These institutions of religion might all be modified or abandoned; but if the spirit of religion, the spirit of faith and hope and love, the spirit of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, the spirit which is the life of God in the soul of man, continued, it would create new institutions for its expression and its activity. Whether the present institutions of religion should be maintained as now depends upon whether they are really expressing and interpreting the spirit of Christ and whether they are really efficient instruments for doing the work of Christ.

It can hardly be doubted that the Church has laid more emphasis on accurate definitions of religion in its creeds than it has upon faith and hope and love. It has laid more emphasis on baptism and on the particular form of baptism than upon consecration of the life to the service of God in the service of his children. It has laid more emphasis on the Lord's Supper than on Christian fellowship. It has laid more emphasis on the Church organization and on membership in the Church than on the work which the Church was appointed to do.

It is often said that the Church is losing its power. If so, it is not religion which is losing its power, but the instruments of religion which are proving ineffective for the needs of the present age. If it would recover its power, it must lay more emphasis on consecration of life than on baptism, on Christian fellowship than on the Lord's Supper, on Christian service than on membership in the Christian Church.

Lamartine, poet, orator, statesman, wrote to a friend: "The one object of my life has been to bring men to God." If the Church would recover its power, it must recover this as the one object of its existence.

John saw no temple in the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God, because "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Man had been brought to God, and therefore no longer needed the institutions of religion. Never more than to-day do men need realities. Never more than to-day do they refuse to accept symbols which do not express realities. Children need their Father. The Church must either so employ its present symbols as to bring men to God or substitute for that purpose other and more efficient instruments.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

DOWN THE RHINE

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN GERMANY

IN three armed motor launches which were tasting fresh water for the first time since they had been built at Bayonne, New Jersey, to hunt submarines, General Mangin, commanding the Tenth French Army, and his party started one misty morning down the Rhine from Mayence. We were going to see the inauguration of the town of St. Goar under French rule and the opening of a pontoon bridge built across the river at that town by French army engineers. It was the first such bridge ever thrown across that sector of the great stream, and German engineers had declared the feat impossible.

From Mayence to Bingen the trip was uninteresting. The banks were flat and covered with big buildings, which, through the fog, looked like the great ice-houses that line the upper banks of the Hudson.

At Bingen, however, we entered upon the most interesting and picturesque section of the whole river—the part which has made the Rhine celebrated in the songs of the Franks and the Germans. Both banks were steep and as high as the Palisades of the Hudson, and were slashed from top to bottom by stone walls supporting the terraces on which are grown the grapes that have made Rhine wine famous. Opposite Bingen is the statue of a great robed woman who looks, from the river, like the Goddess of Liberty. But it is not the Goddess, or even a relative. It is Germania defying the world. This statue was put there to celebrate Germany's success in the Franco-Prussian War.

There is a bend in the river just above St. Goar through which the water runs deeply and slowly. Around the bend the river widens and runs faster. A little way down is a town—the larger part of it on the left bank—or two towns, if you prefer. Here was the pontoon bridge which the French had built, with the central segment left out so that the three motor launches could shoot through and land us on the down-stream side of the bridge. For two hundred yards above and below the bridge on each bank of the river was a line of gray-blue, where French soldiers stood at salute.

A handful of French soldiers, showing a knack for navigation which would do credit to British sailors, let the last section of bridge float down on its boats and anchored it in its place. As General Mangin walked over to the right bank a French soldier at the bow and stern of each of the boats which supported the wooden road raised his oar in salute. General Marchand, the hero of Fashoda, was already on the east bank to welcome Mangin. A few seconds later General Fayolle crossed over also, and together the three generals walked to the center of the little German town, where the German municipal authorities with punctilious politeness officially turned over to them the administration of the village.

On the way back to the bridge I noticed two little German girls skipping over the carefully trimmed grass in a plot in a public square.

"Isn't it forbidden to walk on the grass?" I asked.

"Oh, not now that the town is French," answered the elder one with very evident sarcasm.

At St. Goar we found many things for sale in the public market at lower prices than you would have to pay for them in France. Brussels sprouts were ninety pfennigs a pound and apples the same price. In Paris it was necessary to pay about one franc per pound (a franc now of course is worth more than a mark). Cabbage was twenty-five pfennigs a pound. But these were exceptional items—things produced plentifully in the neighborhood. Clothes were extraordinarily high—one member of our party paid ten marks for two collars.

While I was pricing food products an old German accosted me. He said he had three sisters in Philadelphia, and would like to talk to an American.

This old man was much worried by the attitude of Germans in America toward their relatives in the Fatherland. He said that since August, 1914, he had not received so much as a post-card from any one of his sisters, who had seemed to condemn the cause of the Fatherland without a hearing. He would not have been surprised at this after America went into the war, he said, because each of his sisters had given a son to the American Army; but why this hostility to Germany even before America declared war?

"How can Germans fight against their own country?" he asked, bitterly.

"Perhaps they think Germany was wrong in starting the war."

"Germany did not start the war," said the old man.

"What about the invasion of Belgium?"

"Oh, the German Government did that; the people did not want to do it. The people did not want war."

"But you fought quite willingly."

"So did you Americans fight willingly, yet many of you did not want war. People are always like sheep. You Americans say you hate militarism, and yet you have conscription and a big navy. It is ridiculous. The only difference is that you have no Kaiser. But that is a good thing; we do not want any Kaiser again. We shall never let Prussia rule Germany again."

"Yes, yes, that's right," said three or

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four other Germans who had come out of their stores to listen to the conversation. "*Der Kaiser ist kaput*" (the Kaiser is finished).

"What kind of a government do you want to have in Germany?" I asked.

"We want a democratic republic," said the old man. "But we want to be separate from Prussia. The people around here have much more sympathy with Munich than with Berlin, but we do not want to be governed even by Munich. The Bavarians are all right, but they are not like our people."

"What territory do you want to have in your republic?" I asked.

"We want the Bavarian Palatinate, Rhenish Prussia, Alsace, Lorraine, Belgium, and Luxemburg."

"Do you think President Wilson will let us have that republic?" asked an ex-soldier with a crutch.

"I am afraid there might be difficulties about getting Alsace, Lorraine, Belgium, and Luxemburg to join you."

The old man translated this for the others, who nodded soberly, as if in resignation to the stubbornness of the Belgians and others.

The degree of political wisdom possessed by these Germans, who could seriously discuss the possibility of a union between their own province and Belgium, is typical of the people on the left bank of the Rhine (although if you look at the map you will see that there is some geographical sense in the old man's proposed republic). Their point of view is extremely parochial. Ordinarily they have little interest in what is taking place on the other bank of the river. The farther south you go, the more limited you find the mental horizon of the people. In the Sarre district, around Ludwigshafen and Mayence especially, the economic interest of the people alone is what determines their political policy. A great many Germans in the part of their country which is occupied by Allied troops are openly advocating the annexation of their provinces to France in order to save their pocketbooks. Of real patriotism there is little. Many Germans say frankly that if annexation to France will permit them to escape paying their share of the war indemnity then they are for annexation. The people feel absolutely crushed. "Why live here and be slaves for life in order to pay off the indemnity for a war which we never wanted?" they say.

Thus far, however, public opinion has not definitely set in any one direction on the left bank of the Rhine. Above all, the people are waiting on events across the river. If the situation in central Germany grows quieter, if it appears that German nationalism can be preserved in the form of a democratic republic, a great majority of the men and women in the territory now policed by the Allies will favor continuing some sort of political bonds between the Rhine Valley and the Hinterland.

It is not at all rare to find the Germans of this region entertaining such political dreams as those cherished by the old man at St. Goar, who wanted to unite his province with Belgium and Luxemburg. In Coblenz, which is occupied by American troops, and to which we motored from St. Goar, there are even Germans who argue that their city ought to be created an independent municipal republic under the protection of the United States. Everywhere among the Germans, as perhaps among all peoples to-day, there is a tendency to overestimate the importance of political forms. Especially has the word "republic" acquired an exaggerated significance. Many of the Germans are like a little German girl in Strasbourg, who shouted "*Vive la France!*" to the entering French until she was hoarse—and then went to her mother and asked, "Mother, what does '*Vive la France*' mean?" These Germans cheer for a republic without knowing what a republic is, without understanding what responsibilities it involves.

Republics and republican methods of governing are one of the favorite subjects for conversation between German civilians and American soldiers in and around Coblenz. It is amusing to hear a doughboy expounding the beauties of the American form of government to a knot of young Germans, who very likely were shooting at him a few weeks ago. Afterwards it is also amusing to hear the grave assurances of senior American officers that there is no fraternization between their men and the Germans.

Of course there is fraternization between the doughboy and the native German, and a great deal of it. The reason is not difficult to find. Most American soldiers in France have had no opportunity to form their impressions of that country from its favorable sides. Most of them have never seen Paris. To most of them France is a succession of small, dirty country villages in a land of habitual rain, and, unfortunately, in too many cases the American has formed unfavorable impressions of French character. In dealing with the village storekeepers, with the village inns, he has too often been made to pay through the nose, and to pay at that for shoddy goods and cold rooms. Now, of a sudden, he is transferred to a land where perhaps it rains less than in France, where, at any rate, the roads are less muddy, and where, above all, the towns remind him of the towns in America.

Not only does the American find the German towns more comfortable than most of the French cities he has seen (naturally, the food shortage which affects the civilians does not affect him), but, tired of war as he is, he finds few reminders of it there, few houses ruined by bombs. Furthermore, he finds a people who are determined to be friendly. You can no more discourage this determination on the part of the Germans by rudeness than you can by rudeness drive away a beggar in Peking or a post-card peddler in Rome.

Finally, remember that in our Army there are many more boys who speak a little German than boys who speak a little French, and that for the boy who speaks no foreign language German is usually easier to learn than French. Add to this the weight of the fact that German houses and hotels are warm, that they have water which runs warm from the faucets, that the Germans do not overcharge the invading soldier for what they sell him, as too many French overcharge the soldier who crossed the ocean to aid them, and you may, or you may not, decide to be indignant because there is some fraternization between our soldiers and German civilians. The French were indignant about it at first, and were even somewhat alarmed; but they are neither indignant nor alarmed any longer, because the French soldiers are now fraternizing with the Germans even more than the Americans are.

The British, it seems to me, often succeed better than we Americans in preserving a regard for the fundamental importance of common sense in international relations. At any rate, when we entered Cologne and the British zone of occupation, it appeared that our Anglo-Saxon allies knew how to look at this matter of fraternization. There was no hysterical alarm over it such as we had seen in some French officers, no absurd denial of its existence such as we had heard from some American officers. "Of course Tommy fraternizes a bit with Fritz," said an English captain; "but don't you forget that that would not prevent his sticking a bayonet into the Hun next minute if he were asked to."

The one Allied country where perhaps fraternization with the Germans was carried to an inexcusable extreme—and, at that, during the war—was, strange to say, Belgium. But Belgium is such a mixture of conflicting elements that it is hardly fair to judge it by common standards. In Belgium we find both the bitterest hate for the Germans and the most appalling condoning of what Germany has done. Belgium, by the way, is at odds with herself in more respects than one. The King is personally popular, but his popularity is hardly sufficient alone to stay the growing discontent among the people, and especially in the army. This discontent is vague, but it is widespread and deep-seated. The people have had four years of hard times, and now that the war is ended, *ipso facto*, they expect good times. But good times do not come. The one particular grievance which stands out above all others is the grievance of the soldier who wants to return to civilian life.

Some Americans are growing uneasy over the prolonged stay of the American Army abroad. The American boy came abroad to be a soldier, not a policeman. But the situation is such in Germany that it may be necessary for the Allies to keep a large army on guard indefinitely. In that case, the service ought to be reorganized, special inducements offered for men who will remain in the standing army of police, and volunteers called for if necessary to fill the places of the boys who want to go home and who have earned the right to go home.

Brussels, January 14, 1919.

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GAILY THE TROUBADOUR

BY HARRY LEE

The author of this article is a captain in one of the great hospitals in this country now devoted to the cure of our returned soldiers who are suffering from wounds or illness. He describes in an engaging fashion the effect of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Rouland, of 130 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, who have been authorized by Secretary of War Baker, with the approval of the President, to collect and distribute as personal gifts to American soldiers and sailors all sorts of musical instruments. Anything of wood or brass that can be played is of service in this work and may be sent to Mr. Rouland, care of Messrs. Charles Ditson & Co., 8 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, who have generously mended all instruments contributed to this work and will continue to do so. Mr. and Mrs. Rouland's work in supplying musical instruments to the soldiers in the training camps when we first entered the war has already been described in The Outlook. It was so successful and so welcome that they have now extended it to the great soldier hospitals. Captain Lee's sketch is a portrayal of the transformation from gloom to cheer, from loneliness to jollity, accomplished by this work.—THE EDITORS.

"Gaily the troubadour
Touched his guitar
As he was hastening
Home from the war."
—*Old Song.*

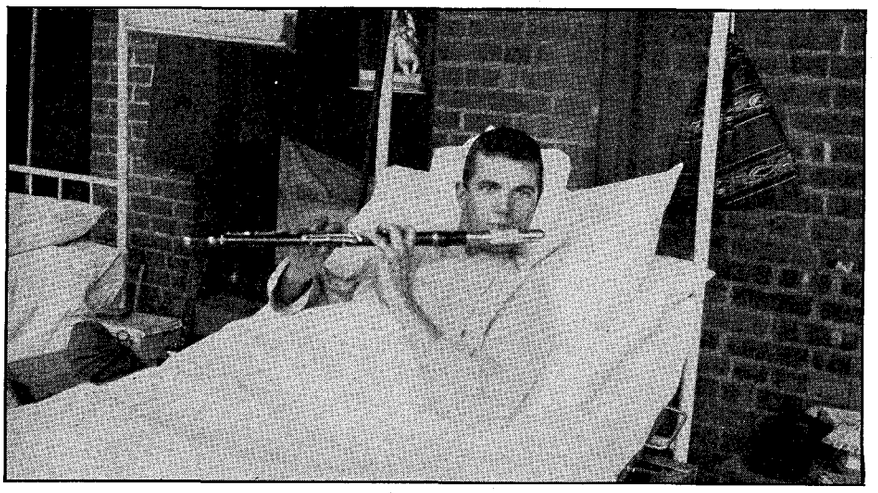
GAILY the Throubadour himself it is you should be seein' at all at all! And see him you can by takin' a walk wid me, up as steep a street as any you ever climbed in Donegal, and tru a bit of a pine grove and round a bit of a board-walk, past a row of lights like balloons at a fair, and up a flight of steps, and under a part-co-chaise, and through a squirrel-cage of a turnin' dure. 'Tis then in a great hall like the palace of one of the ould Kings of Ireland ye'll be. There will be a fire burnin' at wan end, and in front of the same you'll be findin' Gaily wid a thousand lads swarmin' around him. All dressed in brown they'll be, wid bandages on the heads and arms and feet of them, wid crutches and canes beside and smoiles on the faces, God save them! There it is you will find him (like the divil caught in a fairy ring) thrippin' as rare a jig as ever limbered the legs of Brian Boru—Gaily the Throubadour.

Then ye'll be wondherin' where in the name of hiven they got all the thrain-load of things that they do be thrummin' and strummin' and flutin' and pipin' and harpin' wid all. Ye'll be wondherin', and good reason.

"Is it the Wee People?" ye'll be sayin', for sure where else could such bonnie things be comin' from to a hospital at all?

It *is* the Wee People. It is, so it is. It is *two* Wee People! The gintleman one ('tis not the fairy shoemaker he is, but a brother of the same)—instead of the needle 'tis a brush he does be using, paintin', paintin' all the whoile. Paintin' faces from the youngest gossoon to the ouldest wisest man, the saints presarve him! The lady one, what wid playin' on the harp, might be the Queen of the Fairies. And so they go. Himself wid the beautiful pictures, herself wid the beautiful sounds—and high as the clouds they live in an enchanted castle lookin' down on New Yark, wid all the roofs and the lights like stars by night.

And all the whoile the two of them thinkin', thinkin', up there about the minstrel boys away to the wars, and the homesick hearts of them, and the smoile on the front of them, all the toime. At last says the Fairy Man, says he, to the Fairy Lady, says he: "What shall we be doin' for the young spalpeens, God love them, now that they're on the road home?" says he. And the Lady's fingers rest on the harp-strings for a long toime, then all of a sudden she turns, wid her eyes wide and misty, and says she: "What about all



SCENES AT U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 9, LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, WHERE GAILY THE TROUBADOUR DOES HIS WORK

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the pretty singin' things—the guitars and the mandolins and the banjos and the harps and the violins—that do be layin' quiet on the shelves of tin thousand homes for the want of some one to play thim?" says she. "Oho," says the Fairy Man, says he, "oho, mavourneen, 'tis yourself would be coaxin' all the playin' things from everybody all over the counthry and presentin' the same to the sojer b'ys and the sailor b'ys, is it?" "And so I would," says the Lady. "'Tis a foine idea," says he, "but the foinest ideas must be made practical," says he. And the Lady answers wid, "A great one ye are to be talkin' of *practical!*" And they had a bit of a laugh between the two of them.

It must be a wishin' blanket they have, so they must, for the very next day, a Wensda it was, when the head of all the Army and the Navy hears the tale, he says, "Good!" says he; "good! 'Tis the President is wid you!" The foine man he is!

And the very next day, to be sure, folks pickin' up the avenin' papers was readin' the story about everybody that had love for the good lads in the hearts of thim, and instruments spacheless for the want of some one to let the songs in the souls of them loose, sendin' them to the two Wee Folks in the high castle. And from far and near, like the magic, they commenced comin' from the rich and the poor, the high and the low, all for the boys wid the scars on the bodies of them, for the loikes of us. God pity us!

But what about Gaily the Throubadour? Whist, 'tis himself was settin' by the avenin' lamp, radin' the paper, whin the two eyes of him fell on one of the notices askin' for the playin' things. He rades it over, thin over agin, then he pulls at his poipe for a bit, pondherin' loike; at last he breaks out wid: "Instruments, is it? And who the divil will be afther teachin' the rogues the playin'? Who? Myself!" So to Washington *he* posts, and 'tis back the ould rascal comes wid creditials fit for a lord! And out of a clear sky one day he dhrops, right down through the roof of the hospital, 'tis said, loaded down wid ukeleles and the loike.

The boys? They took to him like ducks to the wather, from the white crown of him, down past the shinin' spectacles and the comfortable front of him, to the time-tappin' toes and all. Jokes? Divil take him, 'tis full of them he is, for 'tis many the year he spint on the sea, and 'tis any moment he is loike to be breakin' out wid a chanty:

"Only one more day to Sally,
One more day,
Oh, raft and row me over,
Only one more day!"

'Twas one of the boys, him as plays the rags and all on the grand pianna the same Fairy Folks sint to us here, as gave our old pal the name that will cling to him and to the mimory of him—"Gaily the Throubadour." See him now, the wildest of the gang, bint over his uke wid such a company of tum-tummers as niver was outside of Bedlam before, at all, at all. Oh, but you should see him by the bed of Jack wid the broken legs! Tinder! Like a mother! Comical as a clown, as tickled as a child when the first thrue notes come out o' the jangle!

Sure, if me friend O'Gilligan's carnet had come in toime, he wouldn't 'av' been wandherin' around on his two crutches in the town till the wather he dhrunk made the head of him so light that the balance of him was lost and the one good leg of him broke, so he wouldn't. Faith, tis a plisanter place, the hospital, since the music do be springin' up at ivery carner like cockoos and thrushes and linnets and larks. The ither day whin Burns was havin' his wound dressed, "Sind for Gaily," says he. And there was the Throubadour, playin' the "Fisher's Harnpipe" like the divil was afther him all the whoile that the ugly work was goin' on. Sure Burns wouldn't ha' let a peep out o' the face of him widout the music, but whin the dressin' was over and his cigarette was lighted, "'Twas a mighty big help," says he, poor lad!

And so it goes, day by day, and the boys comin' by the hundreds. And this one and that, seein' the playin' things that the next one has, and wantin' the same for himself, for sure 'tis no one but ourself can be killin' time for ourself! And it's all the whoile some one is askin' timid loike (for 'tis always thim as gives most asks least), "Would there be a guitar for me?" or "Whin more instrumints come, remimber me, and thanks to you."

And the Fairy Folks in the castle lookin' over New Yark and Gaily the Throubadour is hopin' you'll be rainin' down playin' things like murther on us, and good luck to you all, and may the throubles that cross your life be like the winds across harp-strings.

PEACE AND PUBLICITY

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

SWOLLEN by the recent rains, the Seine was eddying and swirling on its way to sea. Helpless barges, imprisoned between the low, arched bridges by the rising of the water, strained at their half-submerged hawsers.

As I left the bridge to cross the Place de la Concorde two doughboys, on leave in Paris, stopped me and asked which was the tramway that would take them to Versailles. They explained that they wished to see the historic place where the Peace Conference was to meet. I had to confess that I had not been there, though four and a half years ago, on the very eve of the war, I had passed through there on the train; but I helped them as best I could. If I could have told those young Americans the bald truth, I should have said:

"Go to the place called Versailles and enjoy its magnificence; but do not imagine that you will have visited the scene of what is known as the Versailles Conference. You are nearer the spot now than you will be there. If you will cross the bridge from which I have just come and turn to the right, you will come upon the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. That is where the Conference will hold its formal sessions. As for Versailles, that, like Boston, is a state of mind. Wherever President Wilson is, there is Versailles."

This Peace Conference is something very different from what many people evidently imagine it to be. So far as I know, not a single Peace Commissioner has as yet been to Versailles; certainly not one has had any reason to go there other than that which carries doughboys there by tram and train and truck. At Versailles, undoubtedly, will be staged the formal signing of such treaty or treaties as may be the product of the Conference; but the Conference itself will be busy here in Paris.

That Conference virtually consists, not of a group of sixty or seventy men in uniforms and frock coats, but a group of elaborate organizations. What these organizations are doing I do not know. It is very hard to find out. Nobody seems to know. You will be told, of course, that the American organization consists of experts on this subject and on that. You will be shown a graphic chart which indicates the relationship of the various functionaries to one another and to the Commissioners. You will learn that there is an expert on Russia, but what he is doing is another matter. The headquarters of the American Commissioners to negotiate peace is at the Hôtel Crillon. Those who have been in Paris will remember the buildings that line the Rue de Rivoli all the way from the Place de la Concorde to the Louvre and beyond—buildings all of the same type of architecture, and making an arcade over the sidewalk all the way. The Hôtel Crillon is in the first of these buildings as you start from the Place de la Concorde. At the revolving doors stand American soldiers in khaki on guard; and just inside are what are commonly called Secret Service men, who are not secret at all if you try to go by them without a special pass bearing your specially taken photograph. Here in this hotel the American delegates and their entourage have their quarters. American m litary officers preside in the reception-room and scrutinize every one who wants to see anybody connected with the dele-

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gation. The President comes here occasionally, but lives in the palace of Prince Murat.

The British have their delegation's working quarters at another hotel—the Astoria, near the Place de l'Étoile. The French, being of course at home, are to be found in their offices, if they are to be found at all.

So far it is practically impossible to learn, except as one gets confidentially a bit of information here or another bit there, what the delegations, even the American delegates, are doing or planning to do, or even whether they have any plans. Two months and a half have passed since the armistice. Germany and Austria are still the enemies of what the President calls the "associated" nations, and Bulgaria and Turkey are still the enemies of the somewhat smaller group frankly known as the Allies. Twice has the armistice been extended. There is still active fighting beyond Germany's eastern frontiers, in which the Russian Bolsheviki are doing the fighting for Germany. And yet before January 18 the Peace Conference had not held a single session, and the one that it held on that day was devoted to formal and complimentary speeches and the submission of a few incomplete proposals of procedure.

Newspaper men who arrived in Paris in the second week in January were worried lest they were late; but a few hours sufficed to put their fears to rest. They were soon told that no one who had arrived ahead of them had learned anything of value. I have been in Paris since early in December, and during the intervening weeks the intangible barrier between those who are controlling or guiding the Peace Conference and the people whose interests and destiny are at stake became more and more tangible; and what at first was a feeling became, with the passing days, more and more a conviction that there were forces making for delay and inaction. One French newspaper puts the matter tactfully by remarking that if the course which it outlines as probably to be adopted is followed the Conference will not last as long as the war!

There are always good reasons for secrecy and delay when great questions have to be decided; and there were good reasons here in Paris. The British Government, it seemed plain, for one thing, could not act until it had received its mandate at the elections; and then of course it could not act until the new Cabinet had been chosen. For another thing, the President of the United States could not be at a Peace Conference and at the same time be receiving honors from not only the rulers but the peoples of France and Great Britain and Italy. Then there were many people to be gathered together and assigned to duties and organized. Besides, allowance must be made for the fact that Europe has been terrifically wrenched by war; hundreds of thousands of men ordinarily busy in keeping the machinery of life moving were still in uniform, and everything necessarily moves slowly. The wonder is that things move at all. These are some of the material factors making for delay. Then there have been mental factors. People needed a little time to recover their balance after the whirl of fighting. There had to be a loosening of the strain. More particularly leaders of government had to stop long enough to make an inventory of their resources, material and human; to look about and see what public opinion they could count on; to estimate the extent and character of the new problems before them.

But, above all, it took time for these leaders to exchange their ideas, to hear what one another had to say, to test their plans each by the plans of the others. So there were "conversations," as they are called. And these conversations could not all be held at once. When President Wilson was talking matters over with M. Clemenceau, he could not be talking matters over with Mr. Lloyd George. And the fact that many of the subjects under discussion were obviously delicate, involving not only sensitive points of interest in the five Great Powers—France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States—but also the concerns of other peoples, rendered deliberation, and therefore some delay, inevitable.

Now the very influences that tended to postpone the assembling of the Peace Conference itself tended also to secrecy. It is plain, in fact indisputable, that men cannot talk as frankly and freely in public as they can in private. If there are to be concessions and adjustments of differences of opinion, it will not be easy to make them unless it is certain that mutual confidences are to be respected; and there can be no mutual confidences in a public debate.

So it happened that week after week went by and nothing was to be learned definitely and authoritatively as to what was being done; it was not even to be known whether anything was being done. And what always occurs under such circumstances occurred here in Paris. In place of authentic information rose a crop of rumor. Now rumor is not always necessarily false. It very often is true. But there was no way of making certain what was true and what was false. Even when the truth found its way to the light by attaching itself to rumor, it was almost certain to be misleading. I know of one such case in which a statement that was accurate as far as it went gave a totally wrong impression because of its omission of at least one essential fact. Thus by the middle of January there was no outward sign of progress toward peace, no outward semblance of unity, no information as to what course the nations that had fought against Germany were going to take to make victory secure.

At this stage it became known that there was no provision made for rendering the sessions of the Peace Conference itself public.

I must explain that the procedure here in Paris cannot be followed intelligently unless it is understood that there have been three kinds of meetings here, in addition to the private conversations to which I have referred.

There have been, first of all, conferences of the Great Powers. The first of these were held by the heads of State and Foreign Ministers of France, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States. Later Japan, in the persons of two delegates, was admitted. There have been the most important and decisive conferences held. It was at one of these conferences that the decision was made to invite the factions controlling, or claiming to control, any part of Russia (excluding Finland and Poland) to meet at Princes' Islands. These conferences have been secret. Nobody outside a very limited number of people know what has occurred in these important sittings. They have been the protracted consultation of ten men—the Big Ten. Each day that they have met these ten men have issued a *communiqué* announcing the result of their conference. What they decide is the executive decision of the five Powers represented. In one sense these conferences are not a part of the Peace Conference itself; but in another sense they are a vital part. They do not draft the peace treaty, but they make decisions which will determine the course of the Peace Conference that will draft the treaty. The decision to summon a gathering at Princes' Islands was, technically, simply a decision as to what the five big nations were going to do about Russia; but of course that decision vitally affects Poland and Rumania and other countries that are admitted to the Peace Conference. Then, too, those consultations of ten men have made decisions as to what the five Powers will propose as to the procedure for the Peace Conference. Of course what those five Powers propose they can, if they will, put through. They control the Conference. In America we talk brutally of bosses in a back room making a state. Here they speak more politely of "the Bureau." Certainly there was never a convention in America more thoroughly under the control of any group of leaders than the Peace Conference here in Paris. There is this difference, however, and it is a vital one—the leaders here are chosen representatives of their respective constituencies, and the Conference they control is held at the invitation of those constituencies and at the instance of those leaders. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that some of the nations represented in the Peace Conference that are not represented in those consultations—notably Belgium and Serbia—are here by as high a moral right as any nation, however big and powerful.

In the second place, there have been one or two conferences (I do not know how many) of what is virtually the Inter-Allied War Council. These conferences have decided certain purely military matters.

In the third place, there have been now two plenary meetings of the Peace Conference itself.

When by the middle of January it became clear that the purpose was to

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keep the sessions of the Conference itself as secret as the consultations of the ten men called collectively "the Bureau," the American newspaper men here took action. In the same block, virtually the same building, as the Hôtel Crillon, but quite separate from it, is the Hôtel de Coislin, which is used for purposes of the Conference—for a branch of the American Post Office, for instance—and in that hotel there is a room, very plain, furnished with a few deal tables and three or four typewriters and eight or ten chairs, which has been assigned to the American press correspondents. Here they come to get official statements, to read notices posted about coming events, to receive passes for official gatherings, to use the typewriters in emergency, and, if they wish, to file their copy.

It is a very different room from the floridly decorated Clock Hall in the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, where the Peace Conference meets, but I am not sure that it may not prove to be as historic.

I saw that Clock Hall one Sunday before the Peace Conference had met. William Allen White, of Kansas, who was with me, gazed at its magnificence, and then, turning to me, said, "How Puritan! It ought to be called Plymouth Hall." Cupids sport just beneath the ceiling. Huge mirrors, elaborate decorations of gold and white, immense chandeliers loaded with prismatic glass, heavy hangings of brilliant crimson, combine to create an effect of sumptuous display. There were seats there at the green horseshoe table for all the delegates. There were seats arranged along the walls for secretaries; but there was no place provided for any representatives of the press.

But evidence still more conclusive was soon forthcoming that there was no intention of allowing the public to intrude into the Peace Conference even by way of the newspapers. It was explained that conferences could not be conducted like a congress or convention. In an official statement issued by the Ten Men of the Five Powers it was carefully explained that newspaper men did not attend Cabinet meetings, and that the Peace Conference was like a Cabinet meeting rather than a Parliament. The sentiment in favor of all possible publicity was expressed, but the evident conclusion was that all the publicity possible would not be very great. Men of the European press were astounded at the audacity of the American newspaper correspondents in suggesting such an idea as opening the Conference to the press. The persistence of the Americans, however, had its effect. There was no tone of requesting a privilege, but rather of firmly, though courteously, asserting a right. It was not their right as individuals, or even as press representatives, that they were asserting; but the right of the people back home to know what was being done in their name.

The door to the Clock Hall was opened a crack when it was announced that one press representative from each country would be admitted to the open meetings of the Conference. Then and there the principle was acknowledged, but not what the Americans contended for. Here were over a hundred and fifty American correspondents—some representing press associations, some representing individual newspapers, some representing weekly news periodicals, and some representing magazines. Were the American people to get but one version, one picture, one man's interpretation, of the great parliament that would legislate for the world and determine America's destiny as well as the destiny of other nations? Then the number was raised to five from each of the big nations and five from all others together. The morning of the first session of the Conference came, and there the matter stood. The American newspaper men decided that the matter should not remain there. They met, appointed a committee to present the case further, and waited the reply. At a few minutes after noon, barely two hours and a half before the hall was to be opened to the men of the press, the committee returned, as they said, "with their shields not on them." The first session would be opened to all accredited correspondents.

The readers of this have long since read in their newspapers at home the account of that first session, and the second, and probably later sessions—for this is written the day after the second session, and other sessions will have been held before this correspondence can cross the ocean. They owe their knowledge of what the Conference is doing to the men who, coming here to perform a duty to the people of America, made for themselves and for the press of the world the doing of that duty possible.

When the men of the press went that Saturday afternoon to the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, they found themselves ushered into the room adjoining the Clock Hall. Between the two rooms there are three doorways, which had been closed by a double set of crimson hangings. These hangings were now drawn aside, and the men gathered as best they could about the three openings. There were a few chairs, used of course by the men who had to send full cable reports. The rest stood up. The arrangement was hardly ideal, but it served.

Shall I add my picture to those which have already been drawn of that occasion? As I looked through one doorway I could see the men coming in. Here was a dark-skinned man in British uniform, but with an Oriental head-dress. He was the British representative from India. Here was a heavily built man with the face of a business executive. That was Botha, of South Africa. And near him was Smuts. These two men were living witnesses that nationality is not a matter of race but of loyalty to a national ideal. If the Peace Conference thinks that it must carve out gerrymanders in Europe along racial lines, let it first ask these two men to stand up. There, to the left, I could see the Chinese delegates, and beyond them, at the table near the windows looking out on the Seine, were delegates from South America. From another doorway I saw across the room one of the greatest men present. He has a close-cropped gray beard and wears glasses. He looks as if he might be a professor of Latin. He is the great Greek leader, Venizelos. Through another doorway I could see the men of the Great Powers assembling. Our delegates were seated. General Bliss, in his olive-drab uniform, sat at the end of the cross-table. Next him the chair was empty, for Mr. House had not then recovered from his illness. This side of the empty chair sat the veteran diplomat, Mr. Henry White, and then the well-groomed American Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing. At this end of the cross-table sat a man looking more like a clergyman than anybody I noticed in the room. It was the Labor representative of the British delegation, Mr. Barnes. Next beyond him were Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Balfour. Near the center of the table was President Wilson.

M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, took the place beside President Wilson and opened the Conference with his speech.

At this first session all the speeches, as I have said, were formal and complimentary.

President Wilson's, nominating M. Clemenceau, the French Premier (or President of the Council, as he is called in France), was gracious, felicitous, polished. There is no doubt that Mr. Wilson holds a peculiar position in the Conference. His appearance, his demeanor, his clear and dignified utterance, his straight and well-proportioned spirit, all correspond visibly and audibly to the mental picture which people of Europe have formed of him. He is in their thought something aloof from the turmoil of Europe; and it pleases them to find that in his person he fits their thought of him.

The second session of the Peace Conference, a week later, began as the first did, with formal speeches; but before it ended it developed into a real debating body. Belgium began the debate by asserting her claim to consideration, and she did it eloquently through her spokesman, Mr. Hymans. Even those who did not hear all he said, and could not follow in detail even his clearly enunciated French, felt the spirited vigor of his speech. The interpreter, M. Mantoux, extraordinarily skillful and adept in noting down the extempore speeches in one language and then at once repeating them in the other, seemed to prefer to address himself to the windows on the other side of the room. Nevertheless it was easily possible to follow the course of the debate, as one after another of the lesser Powers put forward reasons for larger consideration at the hands of the Bureau of the Ten Men. M. Clemenceau's reply, urging speed and deprecating any effort to upset the plans laid out for the Conference, ended in a series of arguments and rejoinders back and forth between himself and the Belgian delegate. It was lively, and it was also very wholesome.

Historically it will be recorded that the first thing accomplished in this greatest

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of all Peace Conferences was the adoption of the principle of the League of Nations. As a matter of fact, there is one subject that was settled before that—the subject of publicity. If the "open covenants" of this Peace Conference are to be "openly arrived at," it will be because of what happened at some very open meetings of a group of American newspaper men held before the Peace Conference formally assembled. There will be undoubtedly sessions of the Conference held *in camera*, behind closed doors; but the open sessions of the Conference will be truly open, and the peoples of the world will watch and demand that those open meetings be frequent and be real sessions, and not merely formal assemblies to ratify what is done in secret. This is the first achievement to be recorded here, and I am not sure that it may not prove to be the greatest of all. Whatever may be accomplished in the ornate Clock Hall, there ought not to be forgotten what was accomplished in the plain bare room across the Seine.

Paris, France, January 26, 1919.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY J. A. ZAHM, C.S.C.

Father Zahm, a well-known scientist and man of letters in the Catholic Church, now associated with Holy Cross College, at Washington, D. C., was the original proposer of Theodore Roosevelt's exploration trip through the South American jungle. In the opening chapter of his book "Through the Brazilian Wilderness," in which he narrates the adventures and scientific achievements of that extraordinary expedition, Mr. Roosevelt says: "One day in 1908, when my Presidential term was coming to a close, Father Zahm, a priest whom I knew, came in to call on me. Father Zahm and I had been cronies for some time, because we were both of us fond of Dante and of history and of science. I had always commended to theologians his book 'Evolution and Dogma.' . . . Father Zahm had just returned from a trip across the Andes and down the Amazon, and came in to propose that after I left the Presidency he and I should go up the Paraguay into the interior of South America. At that time I wished to go to Africa, and so the subject was dropped; but from time to time afterward we talked it over." The final result was the tropical expedition made in connection with some lectures which Mr. Roosevelt was invited to deliver in Argentina and Brazil. Father Zahm accompanied Mr. Roosevelt on the trip as far as the head waters of the deadly and much discussed "River of Doubt."—THE EDITORS.

"WHAT kind of a traveling companion was Colonel Roosevelt?" "How did he spend his time *en route?*" "What were his favorite books when traveling?" "How and when during his journeys did he write for the magazines?" "What kind of a hunter was he?" "What were his powers of endurance in the pursuit of game?" "What were his qualifications as a naturalist?" "How did he treat his associates in his South American expedition?" "What were the net results of this expedition?"

These are a few of the many questions that have frequently been asked me about Colonel Roosevelt, especially since his greatly lamented death. Even in South America, during our travels there, people were as eager as in this country to learn what manner of man Roosevelt was when he was away from the limelight, or roughing it in the jungle, or preoccupied with the pursuit of big game. Whenever we happened to be in railway trains or steamboats, at banquets or receptions, among literary, scientific, or professional men, or among the common people on *fazenda* and in factory, I was sure to be asked one or more of the above questions, and my questioners would be satisfied with nothing less than a categorical answer.

Any one who had even a slight acquaintance with Colonel Roosevelt would know, without being told, that he must have been a capital traveling companion, especially when he was with friends or people of congenial tastes. Vivacious, versatile, sympathetic, intensely human in the best acceptation of the word, he could not be otherwise.

From the time we left New York, when we were seated at the same table on the steamer, until we bade our chief God-speed on his perilous journey down the Rio Teodora, "the Colonel," as we always called him, was the life of the party. With a keen sense of humor and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, he was, moreover, an admirable *raconteur*. We shall never forget some of the side-splitting stories with which he regaled us on our long voyage up the Paraguay or during our camping experience in the interior of Brazil. At one time it was concerning an amusing incident of cowboy life on our Western plains, or about something that happened in Cuba in which one of the Rough Riders was the chief actor. At another time it had reference to his great hunting expedition in Africa, or to some of the strange characters, with stranger proposals, that called upon him while he was in the White House.

But, much as we enjoyed his anecdotes and the recital of his peculiar experiences during his singularly varied career, I think most of us were more interested in his serious conversations about men and things. A surprising feature, however, about those conversations, at least it will be for most readers, was the fact that during all the time we were together politics never once formed the subject of discussion. It was not because we had agreed to taboo politics, but simply because we, one and all, found it more agreeable, if not more profitable, to talk about something else.

Naturally, the chief subject of conversation, particularly on our way from New York to Rio de Janeiro, was our expedition. It was upon the tapis every time we met at table, and frequently during the day on the promenade deck and elsewhere. Each of us had a number of books and monographs on South America, most of which were of a strictly scientific nature. While one was reading about the birds of the Paraguayan basin, another would devote himself to the distribution of mammals in the La Plata region, while still another would be absorbed in the history of the countries we intended traversing or exploring.

When we came to communicate the results of our reading, or to exchange views on any particular subject of general interest to the members of the expedition, Colonel Roosevelt always took an interested part in the discussion that followed. It was then that we were often amazed at his broad and exact knowledge, not only about the fauna of the countries we were about to visit, but also about the political and social history of their peoples as well.

I would not, however, have the reader conclude that science and exploration constituted the subject-matter of our conversations to the exclusion of every other subject. This was far from being the case. Colonel Roosevelt was an omnivorous reader, and our talks were frequently about the last book he or some member of the expedition had been perusing. At one time the conversation turned on history, of which the Colonel was very fond; at another on art, and at still another on literature. He did not take with him to South America the famous "pigskin library" that was ever within reach during his hunting trip in Africa, but he always had with him, nevertheless, a liberal supply of books. Among these were many that had just come from the press, while others were such classics as the dramas of Sophocles, "Le Chanson de Roland," the "Nibelungenlied," and Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Although we all spent most of our free time in reading, it is safe to say that the Colonel read almost as much as all of us together. I have known him when he was on the steamer, and was therefore master of his own time, to read two and three volumes in a single day. He did not merely glance at the pages, as one might suppose, but read them in such wise that he could give an accurate account of their contents. He seems to have had the faculty, possessed by very few men—Gustave Doré and Robert Houdin were instances—of making a snapshot of a page with his eye and of mastering its subject-matter with equal rapidity.

"Reading, with me, is a disease," Roosevelt often told me when I expressed

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surprise, as I frequently did, at his reading so constantly and often under the most unfavorable conditions. If reading be a disease, it is certainly one that does no harm to the patient, and one with which most sane people, I fancy, would like to be inoculated. It is regrettable, indeed, that it is neither contagious nor infectious, for I can conceive of few things that would be productive of more good and conducive to more pleasure to the world at large than the prevalence among all classes of the kind of reading disease with which Theodore Roosevelt was long the willing and happy victim.

Roosevelt's concentration of mind when reading was quite as remarkable as his ability to read at any and all times and under the most unfavorable circumstances without inconvenience or annoyance. When interested in a book, he seemed to be absolutely dead, for the time being, to all the rest of the world. Noise did not affect him in the least. He could sit in the midst of a talking, shouting crowd and be totally oblivious of and insensible to everything but the contents of the volume in his hands.

When traveling by rail, we were wont to congregate in the observation car in order that we might have a better view of the country through which we passed. But when the Colonel took up his book silence ensued or the members of the party would talk in a low tone of voice. Roosevelt soon noticed this, and said, "Pay no attention to me. Talking or noise does not disturb me in the least." And he would continue to read by the hour, apparently unconscious of his surroundings.

But he was not unconscious of what went on around him. Although his power of concentration enabled him to fix his thoughts on the work he was interested in for the moment, it did not prevent him from carefully observing the most salient features of the country we were at the time traversing. He would frequently glance from his book to the landscape if there was anything worth seeing, and occasionally make a comment on what most impressed him and then become at once as absorbed in his book as ever. He combined, in a word, intense mental concentration with the faculty of attention to only those things which interested him for the time being. This, no less than his marvelous energy, accounted for his extraordinary capacity for work and his ability to despatch a large amount of business in the minimum of time.

As to what were Colonel Roosevelt's favorite books, it is difficult to give a direct opinion. He was so versatile, his interests were so various, and his moods seemingly so changeable, that what appealed to him very strongly at one time appeared to interest him far less at another. To have heard him discoursing with our naturalists, one would have thought his only interest in life was ornithology or mammalogy, and that the only book he could read with pleasure would be some treatise on natural history. Many people who have heard him only during political campaigns would be convinced that his sole preoccupation was politics, and that his favorite books would be works of a political or politico-historical nature. To have listened to him addressing the soldiers and sailors of Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, one would have concluded that he had specialized in war and that the books which would have the place of honor in his library would be Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico" or Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

He had, it is true, an interest, and an exceptional interest, in all the things mentioned, and an interest, therefore, in all works of value that treat of them. He had too, as we have seen, a very marked love for history, and few men outside of professional historians have devoted more time to it than he or have read it to better purpose. But, great as was his love of history, and pronounced as was his admiration for the great masterpieces of history, his favorite books—those he loved to quote, those he had recourse to for stimulus and inspiration—were not the productions of historians any more than they were the writings of statesmen or men of science.

Like Gladstone, Disraeli, and other eminent statesmen, Roosevelt found his greatest delight in pure literature. He was thoroughly familiar with the Latin and Greek classics and had a wide acquaintance with the polite letters of modern Europe. He was particularly fond of Dante and of the "Nibelungenlied." He greatly enjoyed Thackeray, and few men had a keener appreciation of the delicious humor of Dickens.

His knowledge of the Bible was quite remarkable. He had a great admiration for the Old Testament prophets and loved to discuss the literary beauties of the Psalms and of the Book of Job. His chief interest, however, was in the New Testament, and few public men had so intelligent and comprehensive a grasp of its sublime teachings as he had. How often did he surprise us by his ability to locate at once a Scriptural quotation about which there was a dispute! For, although ours was above all a scientific expedition, the Bible received probably more attention in our after-dinner conversations than any other one work.

If, then, I were asked to name some of Roosevelt's favorite books, I should certainly place the Bible and the "Divina Commedia" at the head of the list. The ex-President not only admired the power and originality of the great Florentine as a poet, but he also ranked him high as a spiritual teacher. I shall always remember his surprise and delight on meeting, in a humble home in Patagonia, an Italian artisan who was an enthusiastic student of Dante and who astonished us all by the dramatic manner in which he recited favorite passages from the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio."

How and when did Colonel Roosevelt find time to write for the magazines when he was traveling? This question has been asked me more frequently than any other. For it does not seem possible that one who was so occupied, day and night, as the Colonel was during his journeyings through South America should have been able to find any leisure whatever for the enormous amount of writing which he actually accomplished between his arrival in and departure from the Southern continent. Constantly making speeches, meeting delegations, visiting places of interest, attending banquets and receptions, and what not, one would imagine that he had scarcely any time left for sleep or repose.

Colonel Roosevelt, it is true, did not require so much sleep as most people find necessary. If he got six or seven hours' rest out of the twenty-four, he was satisfied. When he was pressed for time or was especially interested in a certain task of any kind, he could get along with less.

But this does not account for the enormous amount of work that he disposed of in a limited amount of time. It was rather his systematic way of doing things, his knack of saving the odd moments of which most persons take no account.

The articles intended for one of the magazines of which he was a contributor were dictated to his secretary, and dictated for the most part immediately after the occurrence of the events described, while all of the facts were still fresh in his memory. Descriptions of scenery were rarely delayed more than one day, usually not more than a few hours. As soon as he returned from a visit to a museum, a cattle ranch, or a public gathering of any kind he called his secretary, and we soon heard the clicking of the keys of the typewriter. And it mattered not where he happened to be at the time—on a railway train, or on a steamer, or in a hotel—it was all the same. The work had to be done, and it was accomplished at the earliest possible moment.

While on the way from Sao Paulo to Montevideo most, if not all, of the dictating was done in the observation car, and this notwithstanding the fact that there was always a certain number of people present who were engaged in more or less animated conversation.

But this was not all. Presently we would arrive at a town or city and find that everybody was assembled at the depot to greet the mighty hunter of the North.

"You are wanted on the platform, Colonel," one of his aids would call out, and then, without a moment's hesitation, the ex-President would spring to his feet, sometimes while in the middle of a sentence, and go out to meet the acclaiming thousands. The speeches and hand-shaking over, the lion of the hour would return to his seat and take up the unfinished sentence and continue his work while the band was yet playing and the assembled multitude was shouting itself hoarse. What was noise, excitement, confusion, pandemonium, for the rest of us seemed not to interfere in the slightest with the work on which Colonel Roosevelt was for the moment engaged.

The articles which appeared in another magazine describing his hunting experiences in Matto Grosso, unlike those re-

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counting incidents of his triumphal march through other parts of South America, were written by his own hand, and often with the expenditure of great labor. Most people have come to believe that because Roosevelt wrote so much, and that often under the most unfavorable conditions, he must therefore have dashed off his articles for the press with little or no effort. Nothing is further from the truth. No one was more painstaking or conscientious than Roosevelt was in his literary work. I had frequent evidence of this, especially in the upper Paraguay. Here it often happened that he received different and contradictory reports regarding the habits of certain animals, but he would not put in writing his own opinions about the disputed questions until he had thoroughly investigated the subject and had satisfied himself that he had arrived at the truth. This necessarily involved considerable time and research, but the precautions taken saved Colonel Roosevelt from falling into errors like those which mar many of the pages of Humboldt, who was often too ready to credit the unsupported statements of Indians and *mestizos* about matters of natural history which were subsequently proved to be unfounded, if not absurd—such, for instance, as his story about fish being ejected from the volcano of Imbabura, in Ecuador, about which he wrote a special memoir.

Colonel Roosevelt's hunting articles meant hard work in more ways than in securing accuracy of statement regarding the facts that he marshals together in such interesting fashion. Sometimes his observations were penned after he had returned from a long and tiresome hunt in the jungle. Any other man would have thrown himself into his hammock and taken a rest. But not so our Nimrod. He would refresh himself by a plunge into a stream, if there was one near by, or by a copious ablution in his portable bath, and then he would forthwith seat himself at a folding writing-table, which he always carried with him, and set down the experiences of the day while they were still vividly before his mind. He would thus continue to write for an hour or two, or even several hours, according to the time at his disposal.

At other times he did his writing in the morning, immediately after rising, while breakfast was being prepared and while the saddle and pack-animals were being got ready for the day's march. On these occasions he would occupy a folding chair—which was always carried with the folding table—in front of his tent, and continue to work uninterruptedly until breakfast was ready, or until our cavalcade was ready to proceed on the day's journey. As soon as we arrived at our camping place for the night he would again call for his writing materials and at once get to work. No time was ost, for he never felt at ease if he was in the least behindhand with his self-appointed task. When an article was to be written, he wished to have it completed at the earliest moment possible.

Colonel Roosevelt did not by any means write as rapidly as is generally supposed. He was too careful a literary craftsman for that. Nor had he the facility sometimes credited him. He put into his magazine work far more thought and labor than is usually imagined. After an article was written he revised it carefully, correcting, changing, amplifying, and excising until certain of the pages were scarcely decipherable.

He wrote with indelible pencil, and by means of carbon paper three copies were made of each article. This was as a precaution against loss of the manuscript in the mails. He did not aim at stylistic effects, and never made any attempt at meretricious adornment of his thoughts. Like Cardinal Newman, his chief effort was to be clear and to express himself in such wise that no one could mistake the meaning he desired to convey. It is for this reason that the style of his hunting articles is so graphic and pellucid, and that he was able to make his readers see the marvels of tropical scenery as he saw them himself.

At times Colonel Roosevelt feared he would not have material enough to make some of his articles of the requisite length. Most writers would readily have overcome this difficulty by padding. But this Roosevelt would never consent to. "I will not pad," I frequently heard him declare. "I would rather send my publishers a shorter article with pertinent matter than a longer one filled with irrelevant material."

Little need be said of Colonel Roosevelt as a hunter, because he was so long before the world in this rôle that little can be told of him in this connection that is not already known. It must, however, be stated that he differed from most hunters in one very important respect—there was nothing of the slaughterer about him. No one enjoyed hunting more than he did, especially when he was on the spoor of big game, or when, for instance, he was in quest of lions or jaguars, but one never found him indiscriminately shooting, as so many do, every wild animal that came within range of his rifle. He would shoot game for food, or fur, or for museum specimens, but never to exhibit his skill as a marksman or to show how many animals he could bag in a given time.

When in Brazil, no one of our party was more eager than Colonel Roosevelt to get a shot at a tapir. He had never seen one of these curious animals in its native wilds, and was therefore quite impatient to add one or two of them to his other trophies of the chase. But after he had procured the specimens of this harmless proboscidean which he desired for the New York Museum of Natural History nothing could have induced him to take the life of another. To have done so would, in his estimation, have been wanton butchery.

I shall never forget an incident in illustration of this attitude of his that occurred on our way up the Paraguay. He and I were reading on the quarter-deck of the cruiser which was conveying our party from Asuncion to Corumba, when presently we heard repeated rifle-shots toward the bow. On inquiry we discovered that some members of the crew, in order to while away time, were firing at the birds which, in large numbers, were perched on the trees on both sides of the river. As soon as he saw what was going on my companion became visibly agitated. The idea of killing and mutilating innocent birds as a mere pastime was too much for him. Rising hastily to his feet, he exclaimed with characteristic emphasis: "By George! this thing must stop!" And stop it did, in short order. And thenceforward there was no more reckless slaughter of birds or other innoxious animals of any kind whatever.

I have already referred to Colonel Roosevelt's endurance when in pursuit of game. I have frequently asked him at the end of a day's tramp through the jungle if he did not feel fatigued. "Not at all," was his invariable reply, and he would proceed without delay to look after the skinning and preservation of the animals which had been bagged or to write up an account of the day's hunt.

On one occasion on the San Lorenzo his powers of endurance were put to a particularly remarkable test. In company with a number of Brazilians—several of them hardy and experienced hunters—he started out one morning for jaguars. Their course lay through a dense, matted forest and an almost impassable marsh. By and by the party lost its bearings and wandered through the jungle the entire day without food. When our steamer found them in the evening, quite a long distance from their starting-point, many of the party were so completely exhausted—among them the one that was considered the strongest—that they had to be assisted to the canoes which were sent ashore to bring them aboard. But Roosevelt came on deck apparently as strong and as fresh as when he had left us in the morning, declaring at the same time that he had had a "bully time." And no sooner had he taken a bath and something to eat than he was deeply engrossed with one of his favorite books.

Roosevelt achieved too great distinction as an enthusiastic student of animal life and as a successful collector for various museums for any one to doubt his competence as a naturalist. To the members of the expedition nothing was matter of more surprise than the constant proofs he gave of detailed and accurate knowledge of the various birds and mammals which we met with in the course of our journey. He loved to trace resemblances between them and similar species he had seen in the United States and Africa and to dilate on their relationships with species of recent geological periods. Indeed, the question of the distribution of animals in time and space was one that long had a special fascination for him, and he was always glad to meet any one who could supply him with new facts about this important subject.

If one of our party had occasion to refer to a singular habit or a peculiar

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S HOME-COMING FROM EUROPE—HIS RECEPTION IN BOSTON

The picture shows the President as he is acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd that greeted him as his automobile took him to the special train for Washington after he had made his speech in Mechanics Hall

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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A MONUMENT IN BRUSSELS TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRED ENGLISH NURSE, EDITH CAVELL

The city of Brussels has dedicated a monument in memory of the heroic British nurse who was executed as a spy by the Germans during the war. The picture shows the plaster of paris monument which will later be replaced by a permanent memorial. The French inscription on the base of the statue translated reads: To Miss Edith Cavell; in honor of England

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Bain News Service

HELPING OUR DISABLED SOLDIERS TO HELP THEMSELVES—A CLASS IN LEFT-HANDED WRITING

All possible efforts are being made to put our disabled soldiers on a basis of equality with other workers. The picture shows how men who have lost their right arms are being trained to write with the left hand, in the Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, D. C.

(C) International Film Service

TWELVE HUNDRED NEW YORK CITY NEWSBOYS HAVE A FEAST ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The scene is at the Brace Memorial Newsboys' Home in New York City, on the occasion of the dinner which is given annually by Mrs. Eliza Guggenheimer in memory of her deceased husband, Randolph Guggenheimer, who was a devoted friend of the "newsies" and all other boys

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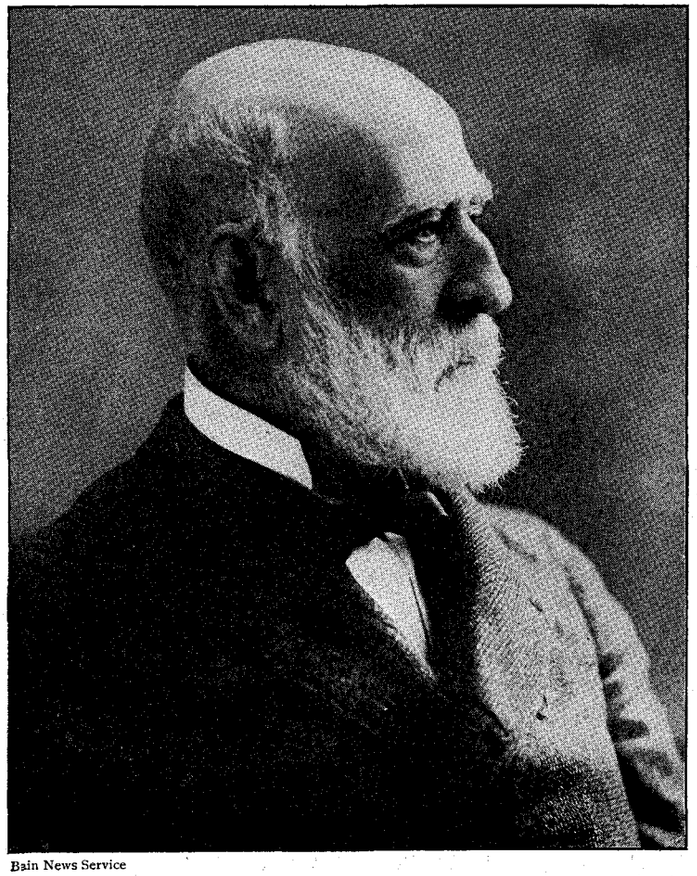
THE HON. JAMES W. LOWTHER, SPEAKER OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

Mr. Lowther has been Speaker of the British House of Commons since 1905 and was recently re-elected to this office. He has also been Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He was born in 1855 and is a lawyer by profession

Press Illustrating Service

THE HON. FREDERICK H. GILLETT, WHO WILL BE SPEAKER OF THE NEXT CONGRESS

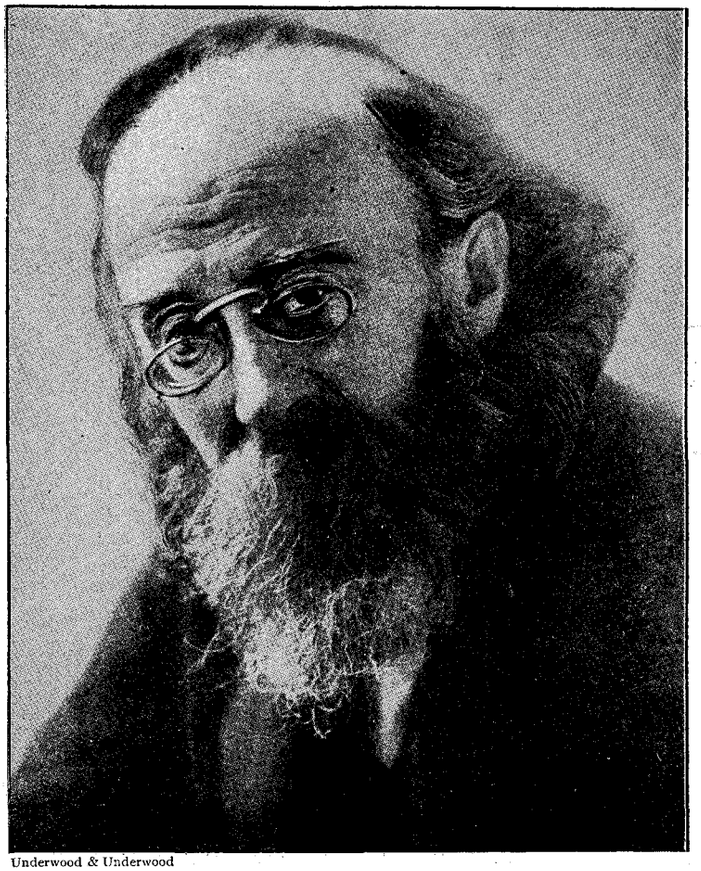
In a contest with Representative Mann, of Illinois, Mr. Gillett was recently chosen by the Republican caucus as its candidate for Speaker. This is equivalent to an election. See editorial comment



Bain News Service

THE LATE GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, SOMETIME SENATOR FROM VERMONT

Mr. Edmunds was born in Vermont in 1828. He was a United States Senator from 1866 to 1891. See editorial comment



Underwood & Underwood

KURT EISNER, THE BAVARIAN SOCIALIST PREMIER, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED

Eisner's intrepidity in exposing German perfidy and brutality is believed to have incensed German officers and to have led to the murderous attack on him

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coloration of some South American bird or mammal, the Colonel was almost sure to be able to supplement the observation by telling of some other feature that had been overlooked, or to parallel it by recalling some similar peculiarity which he had noted among certain birds or mammals in other parts of the world.

When our naturalists brought into camp what they thought was a new species of bird or mammal, Roosevelt would at once drop pen or book to inspect this latest contribution to our collection. If, after a critical examination of the specimen, he and the naturalists had reason to believe they actually had a new species before them, he would clap his nearest neighbor on the shoulder and exultingly exclaim: "By George! That is fine! That is really fine!"

Those who have read any of the Colonel's books bearing on natural history, especially his recent works—"Life Histories of African Game Animals" and "Through the Brazilian Wilderness"—know what a keen and trained observer he was, and how not even the most trifling peculiarities of form and color escaped his quick and practiced eye. But the general reader is not aware that Colonel Roosevelt's first love was natural history and not politics, and that it was only an untoward combination of circumstances that prevented him from embracing the career of a naturalist.

Colonel Roosevelt's relations with the other members of the expedition, far from being those of the arrogant, domineering, impossible man some of my interviewers have thought him to be, were always those of a "jolly good fellow"—kind, helpful, and solicitous for the welfare of every member of our party. Not only did he not expect any particular consideration for himself, but, on the contrary, he wished to be regarded as in every way on the same footing as his associates. We all messed together and had the same comforts and conveniences—when any were to be had—during the entire journey.

During the earliest stage of our jungle life it was arranged that each of us was to have his own tent. We soon saw, however, that this would so enormously increase the burden of our pack-animals as to prove impracticable. Then, following Roosevelt's example, two occupied a tent instead of one. Later on, owing to difficulties of transport, the number in each tent was gradually increased until finally, on the banks of the famous River of Doubt, since officially named by the Brazilian Government Rio Teodoro, Colonel Roosevelt found himself obliged to sleep with five others under a single fly. And glad he was to have this much shelter in the tropical downpours which were then so frequent.

A striking instance of Colonel Roosevelt's consideration for his fellow-explorers was given in his punctuality in keeping appointments. On our arrival at Rio de Janeiro it was agreed that four of our party should proceed to the upper Paraguay and occupy themselves with the work of the expedition until our arrival, which, it was agreed, was to be at a certain fixed date. And he kept his promise, for we rejoined our companions on the exact day.

But keeping this particular promise meant many great sacrifices on our part. For when we reached Santiago we found that the hospitable Chileans had, among other things, made all arrangements to convey us by a special cruiser to Punta Arenas and back to Valparaiso. This would have given us an opportunity of seeing the Straits of Magellan and the far-famed scenic wonders of Smith Channel. We were all eager to make this cruise, and none more so than the Colonel himself, but there was our promise to our waiting associates in Corumba. They would have been glad to have had us accept the kind invitation of our princely hosts, but our chief said, "No; we shall meet our men at the time designated."

A few weeks later our Argentine hosts wished to send us in a special yacht to the famous falls of Iguazu—falls that are greater and more imposing than those of Niagara. This was one of the points to be visited which we had put on our itinerary before we left New York, and it was the only part of our itinerary that was omitted. We did not go to Iguazu, not because we did not all very much wish to do so, but because to have gone there would have prevented our rejoining our companions at the appointed time in Matto Grosso, and this Colonel Roosevelt was determined should not be. "The poor fellows have been working hard in Corumba while we have been having a good time in Argentina, Chile, and elsewhere, and I am sure they will be glad to have a change of scene." And they had it.

Could one desire stronger illustrations of unselfishness or proofs of consideration for the feelings of others than the instances just given?

It is too early yet to forecast the net results of our expedition. The large collection of birds, mammals, etc.—more than three thousand, of which many were new to science—that was made, and the work of exploration which was accomplished, important as these all are, represent only a small part of its projected contribution to science. For if Colonel Roosevelt's plans can be realized, and there is every reason to believe that they will be, we shall, among other things, have from the pens of naturalists a work of enduring value on the life histories of the animals of South America—a work that has long been needed, and one, too, which they, by reason of their long and fruitful labors in the wilds of tropical America, are most qualified to undertake and bring to a happy issue.

Furthermore, in estimating the net results of the expedition we should not forget its value in directing the attention of scientific men to the many yet unexplored regions of South America; regions of untold richness for the botanist, zoölogist, geologist, mineralogist, ethnologist, anthropologist—to mention no others—and its still greater value in materially contributing to a better knowledge of what is one of the most interesting parts of the world, but which has hitherto, unfortunately, been one of the least known and most misrepresented.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE

III—PEACE AND PULLETS

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

FOR some time Théophile had been feverishly busy at a table in a corner of the inn parlor. Before him were many sheets of paper, in his hand the stump of a pencil. From time to time he made sudden assaults on the paper, then sat back, scratched his head, and appeared to ponder deeply before making fresh calculations.

So unusual was it for him to so occupy himself that his wife had been watching him with ill-concealed interest. Ordinarily he left all matters having to do with the setting down of words or figures in her hands, the pen being the one weapon which the warrior grasped without confidence—indeed, with the certainty of disaster.

"It can be managed," he announced finally, with an air of triumph, pushing back his papers and wiping his forehead, which had perspired as though he had been laboring violently.

"What can be managed?" asked Céleste.

"Our trip to Paris."

Madame was fast learning that to be surprised at anything her husband might say or do was an emotional waste. It was the first she had heard of any trip to the capital, yet Théophile made the announcement as though nothing else had occupied their thoughts for days.

"Oh, then we are going to Paris?" she asked, casually.

"Evidently. All the world is going. It is a matter of duty. We shall see President Wilson, Lloyd George, King Victor Emmanuel."

He waited for applause, but none came. These august names appeared to make no impression on Céleste.

"But why do we go?" she asked.

Théophile's hands shot into the air.

"Have I not just informed you?"

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"Is it your thought that *you* are going to talk with all these great personages?"

He considered this.

"Probably not," he decided, "although one never knows."

"Bah!" scoffed Céleste, who occasionally found his complacency somewhat irritating. "It is very likely that kings and presidents will talk to innkeepers from the country! I have no mind to stand in the streets with thousands of dirty Parisians shoving me about and treading on my feet, and finally have you tell me that the carriage which passed while I was not looking contained all those great ones! I shall stay at home and do much better by looking at the pictures in the illustrated papers."

"There are times," he commented sadly, "when I fear you have no patriotism."

"I have a business to conduct."

"Gaston can run the inn while we are gone."

"*Gaston!*" Madame's tone would have reduced the faithful servitor to tears could he have heard it. "He would ruin everything and end by burning the house to the ground. You may go, if you like, but I shall certainly stay here."

As a matter of fact, this was precisely the arrangement which Théophile had desired. He had felt (guiltily, but strongly) that Céleste might not be in complete sympathy with the considerations which drew him to Paris, and that he would do better alone. The ease of his triumph disturbed him somewhat, and he glanced uneasily at his penciled calculations.

"Perhaps it is an extravagance," he began, doubtfully.

"There is money enough," replied Céleste. "It appears to me a great piece of folly, but, since you are set upon it, go."

"*Bien*, then I shall go," he decided, happily. "But understand, Céleste, that I do not go for the mere sake of a pleasure. It is a matter of duty. As you know, there are going forward in Paris the most stupendous events; the eyes of the world are on that city. Here in the village all minds are in confusion. M. le Maire and the others read the papers and understand nothing. It is essential that every community, even a small village like Vahors, should know exactly what is going on. *Voila!* I shall go and find out!"

"You?"

"Why not? I have had some connection with great affairs, and I shall be able to understand. When I return, the village of Vahors will know what is happening, and will be able to discuss affairs with that calmness born of knowledge instead of the confusion which now reigns."

"And I suppose," suggested Madame, "that the world must stand still until Vahors finds out?"

But Théophile was beyond the reach of such weapons.

"It is essential," he declared, "that all men know as much as possible about all things."

Payne, the young American artist, who was washing out his brushes in the next room, suddenly thrust his head in at the door.

"If the village of Vahors does not elect you Mayor, Théophile," he said, "it will certainly miss its destiny."

So, bright and early the next morning, observed and envied by the entire village, Théophile was driven to the railway, and set off for Paris.

The landlord of the Allied Soldier was not one to annoy his household by repeated and unimportant messages while he was away from home. Nothing was heard from him from the time he left until, some eight days later, he appeared suddenly at the door of the inn, without the bag which he had taken, leaning heavily on his cane, and showing a white face which betokened real suffering.

Happily, Céleste was not easily frightened. Instead of screaming at Théophile's haggard appearance, she looked at his feet, and discovered that he was dusty to the knees.

"You have walked all the way from the railway!" she reproved him. "Were there no carts?"

"I preferred to walk."

"So it appears. And you will be in bed for a week to pay for it. Be so good as to tell me what you have done with your bag."

"It is coming by cart."

"Then why did you not come in the cart with it?"

"Because I wished to avoid passing through the village."

They had by this time reached the inn parlor, and Théophile dropped heavily into a chair like a man at the end of his strength. At his last remark Céleste stared at him in amazement.

"But it was for the purpose of telling the village all that happened that you went to Paris!" she cried.

"Perfectly true," answered Théophile, commencing to take off his boots.

"*Tiens!* What ails the man?" Céleste demanded of the universe.

The returned traveler made no reply, but continued unlacing his boots. Céleste, who believed that all ills of the spirit could be removed by ministering to the body, set about getting him food and drink. He did ample justice to the meal, the drawn lines vanished from his cheeks, and his face regained its usual color. He took several meditative puffs at his pipe, then spoke:

"As you have observed, I went to Paris to serve as the eye of Vahors, and—"

"You saw nothing, and so dare not face the village," Céleste finished for him.

"On the contrary, I saw everything. Never in my life have I seen so much in so short a time. Never have I talked with so many people, read so many newspapers, listened to such a variety of opinions. Were I to begin telling you everything now, I should not have finished by tomorrow noon."

"*Vraiment!*" exclaimed Céleste, somewhat impressed in spite of herself.

"But for me to begin talking now would be a deplorable mistake. Why, you ask? Listen. My brain is now crowded with thoughts, impressions, ideas—an incredible number of them. Were I to open my mouth, they would all tumble out like the contents of an overturned box, and those who heard me would be worse off than as though I had told them nothing at all. I must have time to arrange my ideas."

To Céleste this was all rather incomprehensible, her ideas never having assumed so great a complexity as to prevent instant and forcible expression; but it deepened her conviction that she had married a man of unusual qualities, and prevented her upbraiding him further for his folly in walking the twelve kilometers from the railway when he might have ridden.

The next morning—the inn having, fortunately, no other guests than Payne, and Théophile much leisure in consequence—the latter took his pipe to the poultry yard. Eight days had passed since he had been able to contemplate the activities of these chickens in which he had developed such an interest, and he spent some time assuring himself that all was well with them and that there had been no feathered tragedies during his absence.

This done, he filled his pipe and set his mind to pondering over the crowded events and impressions of the past week.

A less intelligent man would have seen nothing difficult in the affair, while a less courageous one would have been appalled at the task which Théophile had set himself. But it did not strike him as extraordinary that he had promised to make clear to the puzzled minds of M. le Maire and others affairs which were perplexing the greatest intellects of the race.

But at the very outset he encountered difficulties. Like many another who has set out on a crusade of enlightenment, he felt that the intellectual chasm yawning between himself and his auditors would not be easily bridged.

"*Par exemple*," he muttered, "how am I to make clear the difference between a Jugoslav and a Czechoslovak to Verney, the baker, when he has probably never heard of either, and when I am not wholly clear on that point myself? And how am I to explain to Pelletrau, the notary, this League of Nations, when he does not yet understand that anybody but France and Germany have been at war?"

Puzzling over this and other confusing problems, his thoughts got to wandering. He caught himself wondering whether the inn needed a fresh coat of whitewash, and finally realized that he was watching a quarrel which had broken out between two young roosters in a corner of the chicken yard.

Soon his entire attention was held by this trifle, and he shifted his seat on the bench that he might see the better. As he did so he saw Payne also watching from the kitchen door of the inn. Théophile started to rise, but Payne made a restraining gesture.

"Sit still and watch," he advised "They'll pull off a better show than anything you saw in Paris."

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Théophile obediently sat still and watched. The two young roosters had by this time assumed that statuesque immobility common to dueling chanticleers—facing each other with lowered heads, rigid necks, and wings slightly extended. From all parts of the yard there arose protesting squawks, and all the fowls commenced moving towards the belligerents, several of the full-grown cocks in the lead.

Before Théophile's astonished eyes these latter birds pushed roughly in between the contestants, who were soon swallowed up and lost to sight in the milling swarm of chickens. There were a few moments of considerable confusion, some little clucking and running about, then the yard had resumed its ordinary appearance and all the fowls were contentedly scratching in promising gravel patches.

"*Nom d'un pipe!* this is extraordinary!" exclaimed Théophile.

"Isn't it?" replied Payne. "And in the face of such an exhibition, how can anybody call a chicken a silly bird?"

Théophile scratched his chin.

"But never before have I seen anything like it," he protested.

"I've seen the same sort of thing happen several times," the artist told him. "I've taken to watching your hens and roosters, who are enough sight more entertaining than the villagers. Those big roosters run the ranch. What they say goes, and the rest of the outfit seems to understand perfectly. Even at feeding-time, by George, they get away with it, and there's none of that grabbing the biggest piece and running for a secluded corner."

The innkeeper's amazement was steadily increasing.

"But it has not always been like this!" he exclaimed, thoughtfully. "I have seen these fowls day after day, and they have never acted like this. Always when I fed them there has been an indescribable confusion, hens running in every direction carrying morsels of food which they had no time to consume."

"You must have done something to change all that," suggested Payne.

Théophile reflected for some time, then shook his head.

"I have built new coops and runs from time to time," he said. "But I do not believe that mere wood and wire can alter the soul of a hen."

"Doesn't seem likely," admitted the American, "but something has certainly changed them. What's the matter?" he added, for Théophile was suddenly staring into the inclosure with widened eyes.

"It is he!" he cried, pointing his finger at a single fowl.

Payne followed the direction of the gesture, and saw a rooster of most unusual appearance. Many strains had evidently gone to his creation, for his plumage was an indiscriminate mixture of colors which ended by making him a dingy dun shade. He was tall, quite without tendency to *embonpoint*, and possessing an air which was certainly distinguished. He seemed remote, detached, positively thoughtful.

"That lanky chap with the funny countenance?" Payne asked. "What about him?"

"Monsieur, he is the latest addition to the flock. No more than two weeks has he been among them. It must be he who has done this thing."

"A reformer, eh?" laughed the artist. "It seems possible. He certainly has the lean, ascetic, intellectual appearance that goes with the part."

The innkeeper suddenly struck his hands together with a shout.

"*Mère de Dieu!*" he cried. "But he actually resembles him!"

"Resembles whom?" asked Payne. But Théophile was already hurrying toward the kitchen.

"No matter," he answered. "There are certain questions which I must ask Céleste at once."

A minute later he was astonishing his good wife by a perfect fusillade of questions as to the recent activities of the chickens. Had they laid more or fewer eggs than usual? Had they consumed a greater or smaller amount of food? Had they appeared in their usual health? Had there seemed anything peculiar in their bearing? These and a dozen other questions he put with such swiftness and insistence that Céleste was fairly breathless.

"What ails you, then?" she demanded finally. "There is nothing the matter with your precious fowls. Do you think I am incapable of caring for them, I who tended chickens long before you knew that such birds existed?"

"But tell me," persisted Théophile, "have there been more eggs or fewer?"

"How should I know? A few more, perhaps."

Had she announced to her husband a sudden stroke of incomparable good fortune he could not have beamed more broadly.

"Wonderful! Superb!" he exclaimed gleefully. "And now let us dine, for I must go at once to the village."

"Your ideas, then, have at last been put in order?"

"Madame, I shall speak with the tongue of an orator. I wish you might be there to hear me."

"And I suppose all this has something to do with eggs, you are about to tell me?"

"I am about to tell you nothing," replied Théophile, with a superior smile. "And now let us hasten the meal."

"*Dis donc*, Théophile, what is the meaning of this?" Madame exclaimed as she glanced from the window the next morning.

"Of what?"

"Why, here are M. le Maire, M. Pelletrau, that worthless Belleu, and I know not who else coming to the inn."

"Ah!" exclaimed the innkeeper, picking up a basin of crumbs and broken crusts; "they have come for my final explanations."

"Then you did not finish last night, even though it was after midnight when you returned?"

"Last night I merely painted pictures," explained Théophile. "To-day I shall make matters clear."

He hurried out of the house, greeted his guests, and led them toward the chicken yard, talking as he went.

"Messieurs," he began, "we who have known war and suffered know the real value of peace. We know that there are now gathered in Paris the great men of all nations, trying to devise for us a peace which shall last. I, Théophile Gelas, have seen these great men. I went to Paris that I might discover the truth.

"Well, even while I talked to you last night I was in despair. There were so many things almost impossible to understand. In my own mind I knew them, but I could not put them into speech. This League of Nations, for example, of which there is so much talk. Me, I believed in it, but I could not explain. And in Paris a thousand men told me it was impossible, a dream. As I have said, I was desolated. But now it is simple. Observe me."

With much *empressement* he turned toward the yard, raised his basin, and then paused. All the fowls instantly started in his direction.

"You are familiar, my friends," he said, "with the usual ways of fowls. Let us assume these hens and roosters to be the nations of the earth—there France, there England, those small ones the little nations. And the large cock of so distinguished appearance is M. le Président Wilson, of whom I have told you so much. Watch!"

He flung the food among the clustering birds. As Payne had foretold, there was less confusion than ordinarily occurred, an astonishing lack of that wild scrambling, that succession of private brawls. And much in evidence were the big roosters, seemingly more concerned in keeping order than securing the richest morsels.

The villagers stared in amazement while Théophile watched with increasing satisfaction.

"There, *mes amis*, you see before you the League of Nations!" he exclaimed, in triumph. "You will see that even the smallest pullet gets her share, that there is no bloodshed, no confusion. And why? Because M. le Président Wilson and those other great fowls have united to preserve order. And I am assured by Madame that there are more eggs than formerly, that all the fowls preserve the best of health. Well, it will be that way with the world. *Voila!* Have I made all clear?"

M. le Maire thoughtfully pulled his long nose, then shook Théophile gravely by the hand.

"In the future," he declared, "we shall be able to read 'Le Matin' with perfect comprehension. M. Gelas, I thank you in the name of the village."

As Théophile walked proudly back into the kitchen with his empty basin, Payne, who had been watching from the door, said, soberly:

"Théophile, when you took to cooking as a profession, the world lost a perfectly good professor of political philosophy."

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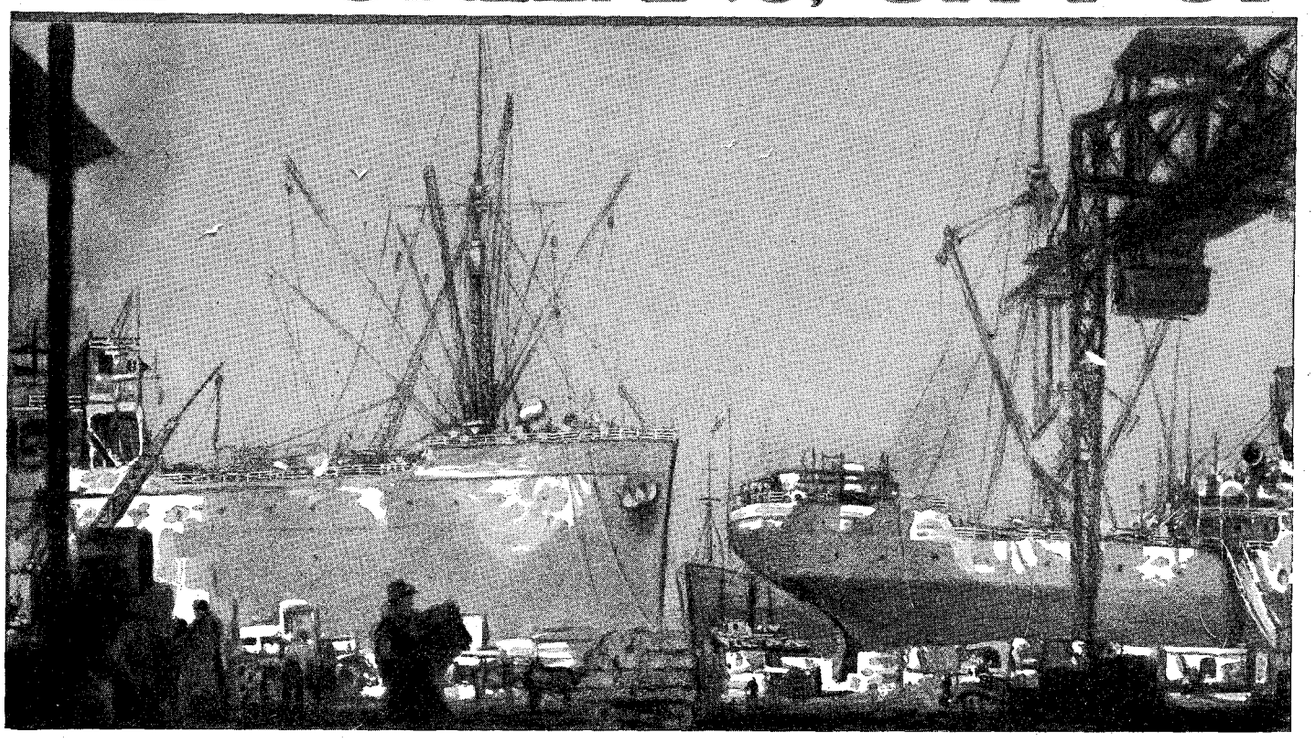
NEW ORLEANS, CITY OF



MARTIN BEHRMAN
Mayor of New Orleans

¶ LOOK SOUTH! ¶ America should have full knowledge of her own strength in the coming contest for world trade supremacy.

¶ Before the world war, the City of New Orleans had established her position as the second greatest seaport in America—and that at a time when trade through the Panama Canal had as yet scarcely begun and export and import exchange with Central and South American countries was only in its infancy.

¶ New Orleans was not prepared for war, any more than was any other American city. But New Orleans is prepared for peace.

¶ New Orleans' unique geographical position, her recent gigantic port developments, her remarkable industrial equipment enable her to offer her services to the entire Commercial world.

¶ Situated at the mouth of the Mississippi River, "the Jugular Vein of the North American Continent," New Orleans occupies a commanding strategic position; logically and economically she is the gateway, the market of deposit and the point of contact between the entire Mississippi Valley and Mexico, Cuba, Central and South America, the Pacific Coast, Pan-America, and the Orient via the Panama Canal.

¶ New Orleans is one of the few great cities and seaports in America so situated climatically that transportation by land and water and outdoor industrial activities of every description may proceed uninterruptedly the year 'round.

¶ New Orleans has miles of waterfront factory sites which, in their proximity to raw materials and in their direct contact with transportation facilities by sea, by rail, and by inland waterways, are unsurpassed elsewhere in the United States.

¶ New Orleans is the great natural control point of contact and the point of service between North and South America.

¶ DO NOT THESE THINGS SPELL "OPPORTUNITY" TO CAPITAL?

¶ The war gave a phenomenal impetus to manufacturing and merchandising in the South.

¶ New Orleans has completed or has in course of construction public improvements, utilities and facilities that offer unparalleled opportunities for new industrial enterprises and for the transaction of foreign and domestic business.

¶ New Orleans banks are ready and willing to lend every assistance compatible with good business to the builder, the manufacturer, the merchant and the trader.

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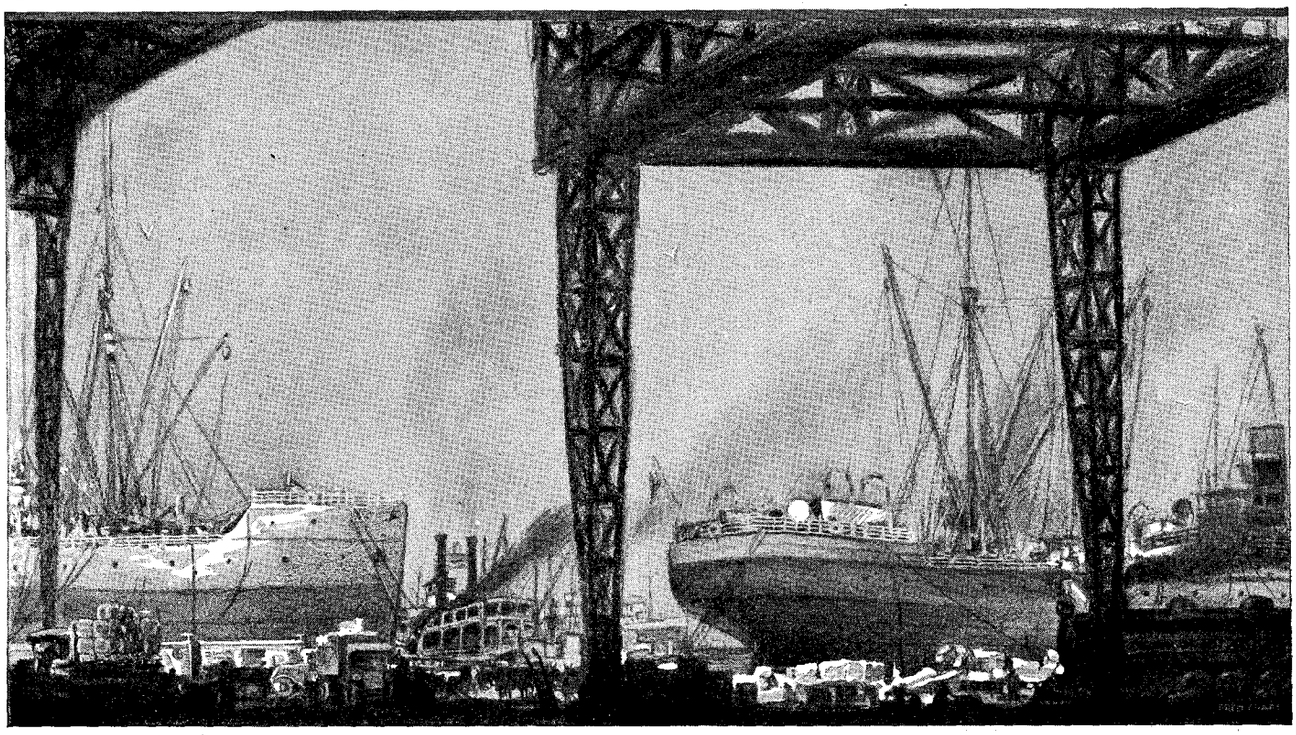
NEW OPPORTUNITY



¶ Under the Constitution of the State of Louisiana, money on deposit in bank is declared exempt from all taxation. This applies as well to money of non-residents on deposit in Louisiana banks.

¶ *And now with the further development of immense natural resources, the availability of raw materials, highly competitive transportation facilities by rail, by the sea and by a network of inland waterways; with her central location in relation to commerce with the United States and foreign countries, with her freedom from industrial or port congestion—New Orleans is, most emphatically, a city of many new opportunities.*

¶ Here in greater number than in any other section of the United States are opportunities for the man making a new start in life, the man with limited means.

¶ Here are already many industries in full operation with many others to come, offering well paid employment every working day in the year, with living costs much less than in localities where long and bitter winters necessitate heavy expenditures for protection against the cold.

¶ Here is a mild and healthful climate inviting outdoor activities all the year 'round. New Orleans today is one of the healthiest cities in America.

¶ In the Gulf Coast Region of the South are the only extensive areas of low priced farm lands undeveloped in the United States. Bringing these under profitable production involves no pioneering hardships as in a country remote from the advantages of civilization, because here are already established railroads, inland water transportation routes, markets and community centers.

¶ I want you to know all the facts concerning the opportunities offered by this city and this section of the Southland. Write today for a copy of the sixty-four-page handbook, *"The Book of New Orleans and the Industrial South."* I will have a copy mailed you free for the asking. And I will promptly furnish any further specific information you may desire.

American Business is invited to the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World Convention at New Orleans September 21-26 of this year.

Martin Behrman

Mayor of New Orleans.

(This is the first of a series of advertisements. The next will appear April 9)

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of March 5, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The President's Boston Speech; A League of Nations; *A* League or *The* League.

Reference: Pages 375, 380–381, 385–388.

Questions:

1. Give reasons why, as President Wilson said at Boston, America is trusted throughout the world. 2. Comment at length upon these words of the President: "America is the hope of the world; and if she does not justify that hope the results are unthinkable." 3. Give reasons for believing that "the arrangements of the present peace cannot stand a generation unless they are guaranteed by the united forces of the civilized world." 4. If this statement is true, describe what, in your opinion, the results for the world would be. 5. Some of the President's critics say he wishes to prohibit discussion of the League during his absence abroad. At Boston he said: "I invite him [the opponent of the League] to test the sentiments of the Nation." Discuss what you think the purpose of such critics of the President is. 6. The Outlook welcomes both favorable and unfavorable criticism of the League plan. Explain why. 7. Tell, with reasons, what you think of any attempt to suppress *reasonable* criticism against America entering a League of Nations. 8. In what respects does Mr. Abbott's correspondence from Paris agree with President Wilson's Boston speech? (Mr. Abbott wrote twenty days before the President spoke at Boston.) 9. What, according to Mr. Abbott, are the tasks of the League? Explain each. 10. What obstacles to the League does he note? Why, nevertheless, does The Outlook believe in the League? (See pages 375 and 381.) 11. Are the affairs of Europe of any concern to America? Give several illustrations. 12. Explain several ways by which America can keep the world's faith in her unshaken. 13. Read a book that will aid sound thinking on this topic: "Experiments in International Administration," by F. B. Sayre (Harpers).

II.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Topic: Mexico To-Day.

Reference: Pages 384, 385.

Questions:

1. Describe Mexico's present condition as shown by the writer of this article. What proofs of certain phases of Mexican life does he give? 2. What is your explanation of Mexico's unhappy plight? Who and what, in your opinion, are responsible for it? 3. Explain how better relationship between America and Mexico can be effected. 4. Discuss whether military intervention in Mexico by the United States is advisable. 5. Suggest several things which you think it would be well for Mexicans to believe in and practice. 6. Here are three good books on Mexico: "Mexico's Dilemma," by C. W. Ackerman (Doran); "Mexico," by Susan Hale (Putnams); "Porfirio Diaz," by David Hannay (Holt).

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Case of Scott Nearing; Ole Hanson; Get Rid of the Reds.

Reference: Pages 376, 377.

Questions:

1. Bring to the class as many comments on the Scott Nearing and Berger cases as you can. Tell what you think of these. 2. What is free speech? What is it not? 3. Discuss who should be concerned about freedom of speech and why. 4. Give an account of the recent labor trouble in Seattle. 5. Discuss the significance of this trouble. 6. Tell what you think of Mayor Hanson's announcement and proclamation. 7. State and discuss the suggestions in his letter quoted on page 377. 8. Explain how the loyalty of American citizens should be tested. Illustrate. 9. Read "True and False Democracy," by N. M. Butler (Scribners).

B. Topic: The Law of Liberty.

Reference: Editorial, pages 381, 382.

Questions:

1. For what reasons does The Outlook believe that the popular conception of law is not an adequate one for a free people. 2. The Outlook believes that natural and moral laws are self-enforcing. Why? If this is so, is the punishment that *naturally* follows the breaking of them the only kind of punishment there ought to be? Illustrate. 3. What is The Outlook's answer to the question: What is the law of liberty? Express it in a few sentences. 4. What fundamental rights are recognized in all civilized communities? 5. Make clear why liberty is founded on law.

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Every opportunity involves an obligation. 2. The problems of democracy are the opportunities of education. 3. Democracy is founded on the right of revolution.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for March 5, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Czechoslovakia, polemical, doctrinaire proposals (375); inerrant, disinterested friend (386); categorical, agenda (387); peon rule, pesos, political ring (384); free press, espionage (376); quietus (377).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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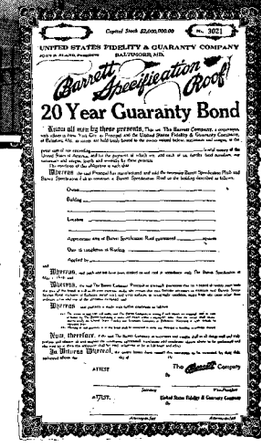
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A SUMMING UP

BY TUDOR JENKS

He won no fame with sword or pen,
No problems he made clear;
Amid the eager throngs of men
None pressed his words to hear.

He found no lands unknown before,
Brought freedom to no slave;
Unearthed no wisdom known of yore,
No glittering bounty gave.

From nature's hand no wealth he won,
He gained nor cross nor palm;
By him no splendid deed was done,
He wrought no shameful harm.

So countless millions pass their days
In useless lives, we're taught.
Who dares so read God's hidden ways—
And say these lives are naught?

HENS AND THE HAPPY EREMITE

Anent "The Cussedness of Hens" in a recent number of The Outlook, the Happy Eremite had no unusual experience, although quite an unnecessary one. To those who live in the city and love the country the word farm brings to mind vistas of green fields, billowy slopes of orchard, lowing of cattle, gobbling, crowing, cackling—the whole scrambled in new-laid eggs. Alas! the Lady Eremite is not the only one who must travel "a thousand miles to anywhere" to find the desired new-laid article.

The Practical Woman has found a way to have plenty of fresh eggs when prices are high without even a farm—just a back lot. She keeps twenty-two hens on said back lot, because she wishes strictly fresh eggs from well-fed hens for her table; because in this way she does her "bit" toward increasing the food supply of the world; and because the care of the flock takes her out of the house into the sunshine and fresh air and among the blossoming violets, snowdrops, hyacinths, and camellias and the orange and lemon trees heavy with ripened fruit; and because she loves the work and the Sierra Madre Range in the distance.

The Practical Woman's twenty-two hens are well bred, but not thoroughbred; and because of their gay "caw-cawing," industrious scratching and cackling, alert movements, and rosy combs she calls them her "Pollyannas." They are in two pens; the first pen began laying November 15, the second January 1. Up to date, February 5, they have supplied the family, three to five persons, all the eggs for all required purposes, viz., eggs every morning for breakfast and custards and puddings *ad lib.*, besides furnishing about forty dozen to less fortunate neighbors.

The secret has two parts:

1. The "Pollyannas" were hatched in March, 1918. March and April pullets always make winter layers.

2. Plenty of green feed was given every day. In this case it was green barley from a patch planted in October. Cabbage, lettuce, clover, or any vegetable green will do as well.

Try it, anybody, and see for yourself.

Pasadena, California. M. S. R.

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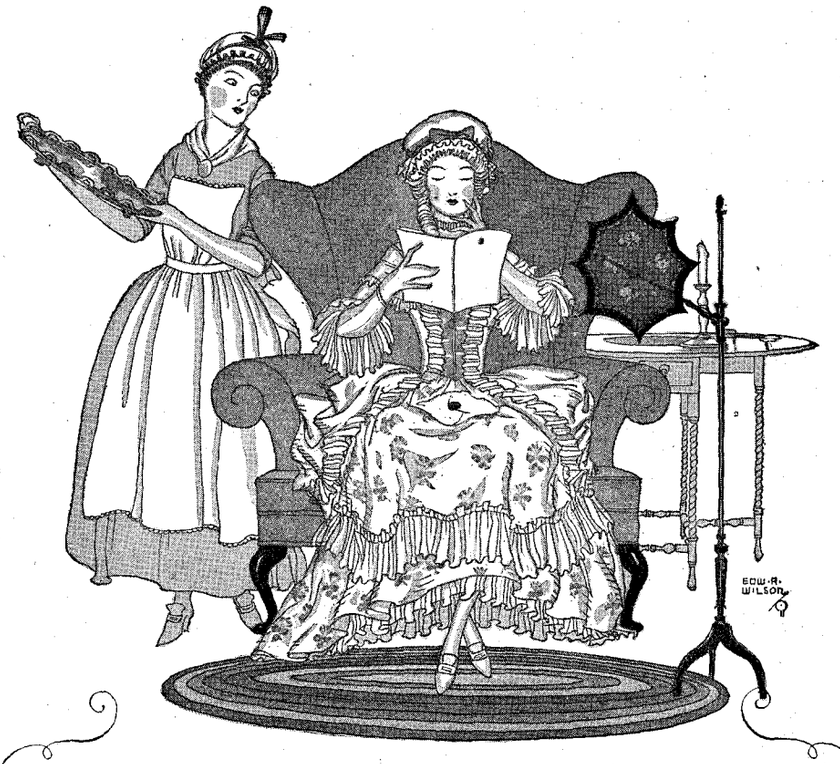

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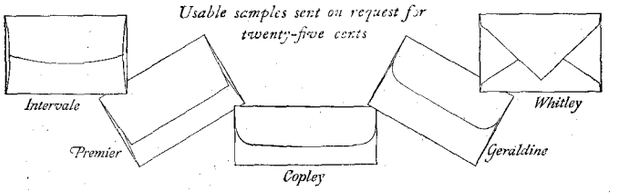

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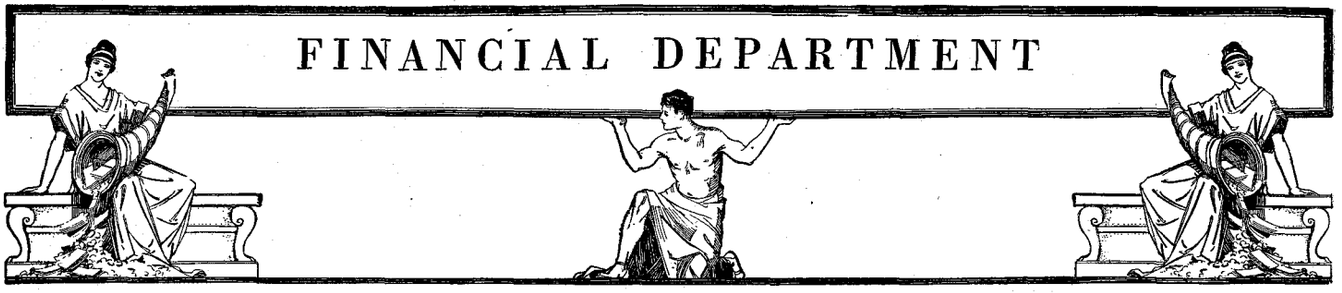
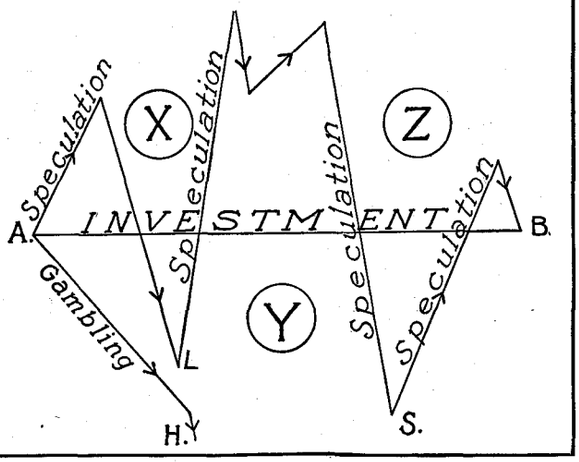


All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM SIMPLIFIED

A = Sufficiency above one's wants.
B = Abundance and Success.
L = Loss.
S=Assessment.
H = Oblivion.
X-Y-Z = Unknown Spheres.



"A STRAIGHT line is the shortest distance between the two points 'A' and 'B.'"

Whereas, there may be no "short cut" to wealth, there *is* a straight line, and close observation of the above diagram should give the non-professional gambler and the rash speculator, as well as the sagacious investor, material for contemplation.

In any discussion of "investments," misemployed as this word so often is, skepticism and bewilderment prevail as to just how far investment may be stretched, bent, juggled, and imposed upon without crossing the line of demarcation into speculation or gambling. Let us attempt to define these apparently indecipherable and enigmatical terms.

Gambling is indulged in when one risks or wagers anything of value upon chance. The purchase or sale of stocks on a narrow margin without intelligent opinion of values is only gambling.

Speculation may be defined as making a purchase or sale that involves a risk of loss, but also offers a chance of considerable profit—an outlay made in hope of probable gain. We often hear it said that some people are invariably lucky, but probably their winnings are due to an observance of certain mathematical laws and to a superior insight into human nature. What is gambling for you and me is not as precarious for them.

The difference between gambling and speculation is embodied in the word *probable*, which is taken into account only in speculation. Gambling is undertaken in the spirit of sport—the attraction being the uncertainty of it; speculation in the spirit of business—where the attraction is a desire for excessive gain. As speculation avoids chance to a greater degree in pursuit of more modest opportunities for gain, it becomes *investment*. New wealth is created surely and permanently by investment, whereas gambling and speculation produce no new wealth. As chance is gradually eliminated, the safer becomes the investment.

Indeed, the distinction between speculation and investment is little understood by the average investor. From the moment we relinquish our funds the most vital question should be that of *probable recovery*, and income or profit is really of very small account in comparison.

When we have acquired means over and above our actual needs, we must, of necessity, choose between speculation and investment, and this act of choosing is constantly developing as we continue to labor and save.

The writer takes issue with those who classify all men as speculators or investors. They are both, first one and then the other, over and over again—by nature speculators; by training, more conservatively, investors. Outside of one's business, which is probably the commonest form of speculation, the man who is inclined to

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A Mathematical Problem Simplified (Continued)

acquire wealth has foremost in his mind the small but certain rental which his money can always command, while the daring and less patient man seeks a speculation with greater possibilities of gain.

There is nothing unjustly discriminating in a comparison of investment and speculation. Each is necessary to the other, and both to the conduct of business. There is more or less speculation in every investment, and investment in every speculation; but in the large, investment is a science and speculation is an art. Successful speculation is a high order of finance, but unsuccessful speculation is gambling.

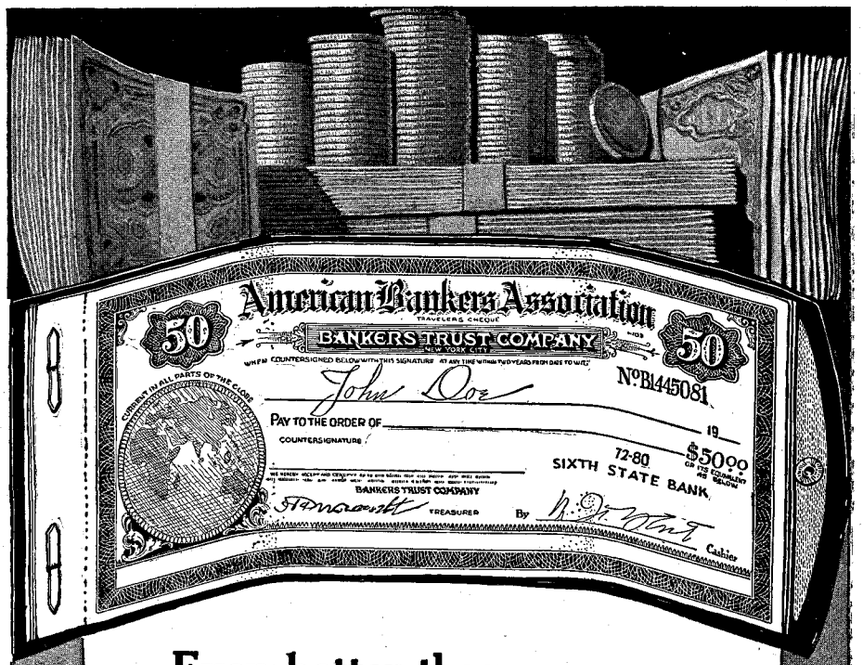
Since the assumption of risk is a necessary and highly beneficial service when performed by those qualified to undertake it, the distinction between speculation and investment is not primarily a basic principle of right action or moral duty.

Speculation and investment are actuated by the same motive—desire for gain—and the difference between them is the difference in degree of risk willing to be assumed. It is a difference in the ratio of the current return expected of the capital. The speculator hopes to realize a little more than ordinary interest. In addition to his money's worth he has endeavored to get something for nothing, with the result, generally, that he gets nothing for something.

The investor *par excellence* is he who by temperament and environment is qualified to be both speculator and investor of his surplus funds at the right time; but, be he speculator or investor, he must acquire a knowledge of monetary conditions, values, interest rates, and of all other influences bearing directly or indirectly on the future of prices. The man who attempts to evade necessary labor and research by placing his dependence on tips or the opinions of others cannot hope to succeed, and the gambling idea must be put out of the question altogether. Well-grounded contentions and discussions of those who are able to diagnose correctly the basic questions in economics are of more value than the combined guesses, tips, exaggerations, and misrepresentations of all the gamblers and professional speculators of the market-place. If the investor or the trader is able correctly to judge of the general trend of future bond, stock, or commodity prices, he may operate more safely *with* the tide than possibly directly against the current.

Fortunate, indeed, is the man who will liquidate his commitments at the flood tide and when the collapse comes is prepared to renew his investments in short or long time loans until conditions warrant the withdrawal of these funds for the assumption of speculative risks again. Movements of prices are caused by events, not charts, and, although it is less laborious to bet on repetitions laid out on a chart than to construct sound economical deductions, in the long run one will fail and the other succeed.

Periods of business inflation or depression have invariably been preceded or accompanied by great upward or downward swings of speculative prices. The majority who are continually looking for an artificial explanation of price changes ignore this fact. Of course manipulation exists and some movements may be traced to this source alone, but in its fullest sense manipulation consists of the tactics resorted to for the purpose of liquidating shares in anticipation of a decline, or for the accumulation of shares prior to a great recovery



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A Mathematical Problem Simplified (Continued)

or readjustment either of which the long-distance thinker believes to be inevitable. It is seldom employed as a positive means of enhancing or depressing values; to do either, in fact, by manipulation alone would be an impossibility.

Every observer of great speculative movements knows that at the highest point of a movement and during the first half of a decline everything appears roseate, while at the lowest prices and during the first half of an advance the reverse is true. Speculation cannot possibly be successful if based upon appearances which are open and obvious. It is unseen future developments, or in some cases hidden and submerged present truths, which must be consulted. The majority who seek riches in speculation often dwell upon the large business of certain corporations or the excellent state of general trade as a reason for purchasing shares. These factors have probably been discounted in current prices. The present is of no more use than the past in forming opinions of future price changes. Sales of securities could not be made in great volume unless everything did look bright, for who would purchase at high prices if the future appeared threatening, and who would sell in the face of inspiring prospects? The highest form of manipulation is the creation of false appearances. While inside selling—so called—is going on great business is reported, dividends are increased, and public expressions of confidence emanate from men of high standing in the financial world. However, the truth is told only about existent conditions, and nothing is said about a more remote period—beyond next week or next month—where the sellers see probabilities they are now anticipating.

By whatever name speculation may be called, it always has had, and always will have, an indispensable function to perform in the world's economy, and if one employs brains and common sense instead of charts and tips his operations will not be so sure to lead to final disaster. Let us remember that safety disappears in inverse ratio to the increased possibilities of abnormal returns. How, then, are we most sure of recovering our principal? Certainly not by gambling, and statistics prove that larger gains are to be made by investment than by speculation, for investment mills "grind slowly, but they grind exceeding sure."

A knowledge of your purchase, caution in your selection, and moderation in expected income return will help to form a solid foundation for successful ventures.

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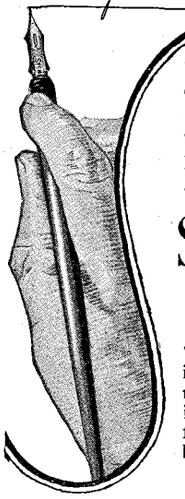

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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

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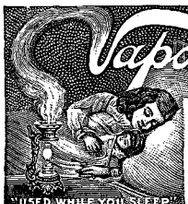
Vapo Cresolene



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Established 1879

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance to develop into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York

or Lee·m·n·g-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

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"MOONLIGHT" SCHOOLS

An interesting description of the Moonlight Schools is given in the "New Success Magazine" for January, and, despite their romantic title, the work they accomplish is eminently practical. Started in a small Kentucky town by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, herself a native Kentuckian, this idea of the formation of night schools where adults may learn the first rudiments of education has spread until it now reaches every rural district in the country. The object of the Moonlight School is to "eradicate illiteracy from the country." And the urgent need for education of this kind is clearly shown by the United States Census report of 1910, which gives the startling information that 5,516,000 persons over ten years of age can neither read nor write. Of this number only 1,600,000 are foreign born, leaving nearly four million natives who, living in districts far removed from the rural school, have missed the opportunity to secure even the most elementary education.

In her capacity as Superintendent of Schools in Rowan County, Kentucky, this lack of educational opportunity was brought forcibly to Mrs. Stewart's attention. Her work naturally brought her into contact with many people in various sections of the county, and it was the realization of what might be done for these illiterates that decided her to establish these schools. In one instance her offer of some books to a middle-aged man caused visible embarrassment on his part when he was obliged to admit that he could not read. In reply to Mrs. Stewart's suggestion that she teach him, he said: "I'd give twenty years of my life if I could read and write."

Owing to such instances as these, Mrs. Stewart felt impelled to exert every effort to further the education of these people. Something of what has been done can perhaps best be illustrated by quoting Mrs. Stewart's own words. She says:

> In the country in which I superintended schools there were nearly twelve hundred persons in this plight. The day schools were already crowded, and, anyhow, most of those we wanted to help were laboring during the day. If we wanted to accomplish anything, we had to have night schools. How to attract the older folks to come to school was the first problem.
>
> I chose a moonlight night as the opening of the school in my county. If I could gather these folks from the rural districts for the first four moonlight nights, I knew I could hold them for the rest of the period. We arranged fifty schools throughout the section, expecting an average of three pupils to each school. Instead they came, not only from Rowan County, but from other counties. We had twelve hundred the first night.

So the idea of the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, of which Mrs. Stewart is chairman, spread until twenty-six States, including Oklahoma, South Carolina, Minnesota, Iowa, Michigan, California, and North Carolina (the last having taught ten thousand illiterates in one month) formed commissions for the stamping out of illiteracy.

In our Army cantonments, too, this method of teaching was adopted by the Y. M. C. A. instructors. Until April, 1917, no illiterates were admitted into the United States Army. After that date, however, they were admitted into the service, and over 700,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one registered in the first draft by making their mark. But in the first draft of 1918, due to the successful work done by these Moonlight Schools, the proportion of illiterates who registered was greatly reduced. A. L. K.

The New Item In Credit

When a manufacturer borrows money now he is apt to hear this question from his banker: *What conditions govern the competition in your industry?*

If he has continually to meet the old style of competition—the *blind* kind—his showing suffers, through no fault of his own.

But if his industry has changed to the new, eyes-open kind of competition, there's an item to his credit.

That is the kind of competition experienced by the client groups that receive our service. And there are advantages in it more important than credit—advantages not only to the manufacturers we serve but to the public they serve.

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RELATED INDUSTRIES
WHOSE PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED MARKETED AND SOLD IN STRICT ACCORD WITH A SPIRIT OF FAIRNESS TO EMPLOYEE COMPETITOR AND PURCHASER NEED NO GREATER SURETY OF SUPREME QUALITY

The first and only institution of its kind — our sole business is to devise and direct adequate machinery for co-operation.

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are safe to buy because you get full value. A handsome Style Book, mailed free, will give you an excellent idea of the various styles—Colonial, Mission Queen Anne, Clawfoot and Standard—and detailed information about them. They have features others do not have.

A Guarantee that Guarantees

We guarantee our bookcases to be the best that up-to-date facilities and skilled mechanics can produce from the best materials obtainable. Built in one factory, under personal supervision, and special attention given to the building and finishing of each unit.

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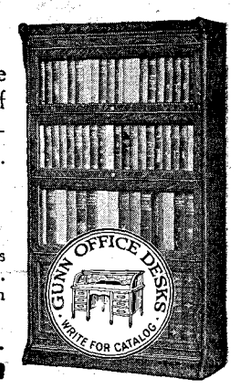

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CHECK UP THE WEATHER MAN

When the weather man has predicted fair and warmer, and the sky looks threatening, what do you do? Do you carry an umbrella all day, "to keep the rain away," or do you rely on the weather man's prediction made more than 24 hours before?

A glance at the

Tycos Barometer

will indicate what the weather will be for the next 24 hours—and you can dress accordingly.

Tycos Barometers are the standard weather instruments of the world. Your dealer will be proud to show them to you, as you will be to show them to your friends.

He sells *Tycos* Indoor Thermometers, Travelers Thermometers, Bath Thermometers, Cabinet Thermometers, Desk Thermometers, Window Thermometers, Candy Thermometers, Oven Thermometers, Fever Thermometers.

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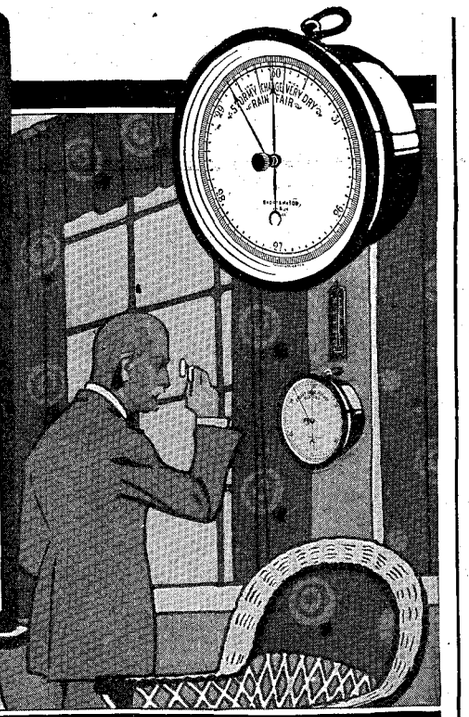
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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Drinking Your Way To Health

You know in a general way that milk is good for you. But if you knew what a precious life-giving fluid it really is—if you knew the almost miraculous results it produces for those who drink it *intelligently*, you would be truly amazed. For anemia, indigestion, constipation, any difficulties of the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart or bladder, Bright's disease, rheumatism and many other ills for which physicians have no reliable remedy, *the right use of milk almost invariably overcomes the trouble.* For instance, feet and hands that are usually cold and clammy, become warm and life-like a few days after beginning this marvelous self-treatment. Benarr Macfadden, the famous physical culturist, in collaboration with Dr. Sanford Porter, the milk diet specialist, has written a book of priceless value entitled: *"The Milk Diet. How To Use It."*

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BY THE WAY

If you had the option of selecting a judge or a jury to try your case, which would you choose? Here is the result in one instance where the two methods were tried. The tenants of a Brooklyn apartment-house were summoned to court for refusing to pay an advance in their rent. The Judge gave the tenants their option—his own decision, or a jury's. Six accepted the Judge as arbitrator. He decided that the landlord was right. Twelve requested a jury trial. The jury decided in favor of the tenants. So the latter kept their rooms at the old rate. The six who had accepted the Judge as arbitrator refused to pay the advance he sanctioned, and they were dispossessed by the marshal, in the presence of 5,000 people who watched these unlucky ones as their furniture was being put out on the street amid a babel of argument as to the pros and cons of this knotty case.

On Washington's Birthday of this year was also celebrated the rounding out of a full century of life for Pierre Guillaume De Peyster, a straight-out American notwithstanding his combination of French and Dutch names. He is a New Yorker of the old pioneer stock, his family being linked with the Roosevelts, Schuylers, and Van Rensselaers. The loyalty to family connections of this centenarian is shown by the fact that he is said to have voted for Theodore Roosevelt for President, though his vote was otherwise always for the Democratic party's candidate. And his voting may have begun with the fourteenth Presidential campaign in 1840, when Van Buren was defeated by Harrison.

The New York "Sun's" appreciation of the late Dr. Mary Walker contains this tribute: "One debt of gratitude men owe Dr. Walker which they ought not to forget. She was the inventor of the inside neckband on shirts which protects the flesh from being rubbed by the collar button."

The jokes about the lawyer's post-mortem status are endless. Here is one of the vintage of 1793: A *sansculotte* of the French Revolution, after listening to the oratory at the Jacobins Club, got up and remarked: "I have heard so many extravagant speeches here, I might fancy myself in heaven—if I didn't see so many lawyers before me." And here is a new one—or is it as old as the other? A couple of litigious old chaps got into a quarrel and took their troubles to the local magistrate. The loser, turning to his opponent, cried, belligerently: "I'll law you to the circuit court." "I'm willin'," said the other. "An' I'll law you to the supreme court," continued the first. "I'll be thar." "An' I'll law you to 'ell." "My attorney 'll be there," was the clever final retort.

The Library of Congress has acquired during the last year, among other Washington documents and books, Washington's copy of Ossian's poems. It may be of interest to recall that at least two great commanders—Washington and Napoleon—treasured these imitations of the old Celtic bards.

The "Scottish-American" prints this good-natured joke concerning the alleged bibulous inclinations of certain of the unco' guid: "Soldier from Palestine (whose baby is about to be christened, and who has brought home a bottle of Jordan water for the purpose)—'Eh, by the way, meenister, I ha'e brocht this bottle—' Minister—

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By the Way (Continued)

'No the noo, laddie! After the ceremony I'll be vera pleased.'"

Apropos of "lenity" and "levity," mentioned in this column February 26, a subscriber writes: "This is not the first instance of such a misreading. In Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' chapter xix, the 'levity of disposition' of Montius is mentioned, and the historian adds in a note: 'In the present text (of Ammianus) we read: *Asper, quidem, sed ad lenitatem propensior:* a contradictory statement, but if we change *lenitatem* to *levitatem*, the alteration of a single letter will make the passage clear and consistent.'"

Another reader adds this contribution to the literature of misprints: "Lenity and levity are old antagonists. In manuscripts of a former day, and in printed copies of Latin authors, *u* was used for *v*, and a careless scribe might make the character so hurriedly that to the reader it looked like *n*. Or in the hurry of the composing-room the letter might be 'turned' and thus le*u*itatem become le*n*itatem, which was just what the author did not mean."

From far-off Manchuria comes this request: "I shall be much obliged if you will kindly get me forward the following picture post card. Please send the card as quick as you received this letter: Beauty post card. Faces of pretty girls in nice costumes, colored of polish." The indefiniteness of this description prevents the filling of this order, much to our regret. The astonishing thing about the letter is that it is neatly typewritten!

"Station Plans Rejected by Art Jurors. They Prefer Stagger Type." This unusual headline in a Philadelphia paper prompts the reader to look up the word stagger in the dictionary. He finds under "stagger:" "To set, as the spokes of a wheel, alternately leaning to the left or the right, or in and out." So, it seems, the stagger type of station is that in which two station buildings are placed on each side of a street diagonally instead of being directly opposite each other.

Visitors to Paris report high prices in hotels and cafés; but these could scarcely be exceeded by the prices quoted in "Old Paris," by Henry C. Shelley, in one of the select Paris restaurants of the Second Empire. The check for a breakfast for two persons at this place, the author says, was for seventy-one francs!—$14.20. How was this made up? Here is a guess: *Couvert* (a charge always made for tablecloth, napkins, etc., in French restaurants), 5 francs ($1); *apéritif* (liqueur), 10 francs ($2); two hothouse peaches, 10 francs ($2); *hors-d'œuvre*, 5 francs ($1); *côtelette de mouton* with truffles, 26 francs ($5.20); coffee, 10 francs ($2); rolls, 5 francs ($1). The waiter's tip would no doubt bring the cost of this little breakfast up to $15 or more.

Two of these famous Second Empire restaurants in Paris were known respectively as the Café Anglais and the Café Riche. One of them, Mr. Shelley says, was owned by a certain M. Hardy. Some wit remarked, apropos of their high prices, "One must be very rich to dine at the Hardy, and very hardy to dine at the Riche." Of another, the Tortoni, the story is told of Rossini, the composer, that after acquiring a fortune he said, "No more of music at present; I'm through with it. Now I shall dine every day at the Tortoni!"

Look at Your Teeth

In Ten Days

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

See What Film Removal Does

This is to urge a ten-day test of a dainty film remover. Then look and see what really clean teeth mean.

Old methods of teeth cleaning have proved sadly inadequate. They don't protect teeth, as millions have discovered. Teeth still discolor, still decay. Tartar accumulates, pyorrhea often gets a start. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Dentists know that the reason lies in a film—a slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices, hardens and stays. And most tooth troubles are due to it.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dental science has for years sought a way to combat film, and has found it. Many clinical tests by able authorities have proved it beyond question. It is now embodied in a dentrifrice called Pepsodent, and leading dentists all over America are urging its adoption. But to let all people quickly know what it means we are offering this ten-day test.

Just Let It Prove Itself

The best way to know what Pepsodent does is to use it and watch results.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless, activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That fact inaugurates a new dental era. We can now combat film, the great tooth wrecker, as we never could do before. The results are such that no one would miss them if he knew, or let his children miss them.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

These results are all-important. Film-covered teeth are unsafe and unclean, and this test will prove them needless. Cut out the coupon now.

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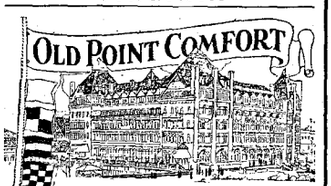

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Hollow tile, white stucco private residence, ten rooms. Price $5,250. Also white stucco *semi-bungalow, five rooms, concrete garage,* plot 50x105. Price $4,250. Both dwellings are modern, have electricity, hot water or steam heat, tiled bath. Open surroundings, convenient station, half-hour to Grand Central. For full particulars address 9,501, Outlook.

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Wanted—Rent for Summer New York or Connecticut, **house,** furnished or unfurnished, suitable for Tea Room on auto route. One with custom established preferred. 9,499, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

AN attractive, established house, in best residential section, needs a refined woman to take charge of the dining-room as her own business. (Miss) L. E. Oakley, 432 Westminster Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—CAMP COUNCILOR, one who has had experience in directing boys. To associate himself with camp in Maine that has excellent standing and equipment and been established for ten years. Man who can bring group of boys preferred. 6,637, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

FOR hospitals, institutions, schools, dietitians, matrons, housekeepers, cafeteria managers. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence, R. I.

WANTED—Woman of refinement to act as *mother's helper in care of child of three,* do upstairs work and mending. Liberal salary to right person. 6,635, Outlook.

WANTED—Competent, experienced woman as working housekeeper. Country, near large city. Must be excellent cook, willing to assist where needed. Best of references required. Only those who have worked in *private places need apply.* 6,656, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Reliable, quiet young woman, preferably Scotch, as maid for girl of eight, to assist with other light work. 6,661, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

TEACHERS *wanted for desirable* September openings. Men, $1,200 to $2,500. Women, $800 to $1,500. The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Experienced English governess *for country, fourteen miles from Philadelphia.* Care of three children, 12, 10, and 6 years old. Musical and able to speak French, also teach the little boy six. In answering please give age, experience, salary, and references. 6,662, Outlook.

INQUIRIES already coming in for teachers in all subjects for 1919. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

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Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING in United States. Unusual opportunity offered parents to secure for their daughters chaperonage and care. Lady of highest social standing and wide experience offers services until July. Best credentials asked for and given. 6,606, Outlook.

COMPANION.—Young woman as chaperon and companion. Will travel. References. 6,653, Outlook.

DIETITIAN housekeeper or entire charge diet kitchen. Many years' experience. Pratt trained. Only high class position desired. 6,660, Outlook.

AMERICAN lady as companion-helper, fond of home duties, experienced in nursing. Capable of taking charge of correspondence. Good needlewoman. Best references. 6,669, Outlook.

HIGHLY educated lady (Paris), best references from American schools and families, wishes position as companion from June 1 to October 1. 6,668, Outlook.

COMPANION to very young child or grown-up for the summer. Primary teacher of experience, of middle age. Home of refinement desired more than money compensation. 6,673, *Outlook.*

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE graduate with executive and teaching experience wishes position in girls' *school.* 6,643, *Outlook.*

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SOLDIER, honorably discharged, desires to pay for his education by selling souvenir War Post Cards by mail. Will send 16 post cards—genuine photographs of French war views—for only 28 cents. Will you help? Address John J. Wilcox, 58 Glenville Ave., *Allston,* Mass.

JAPAN. College graduate, student of Oriental art, wishes to exchange services as tutor or companion for her expenses to Japan. Address The Print Exchange, 546 Fifth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send anything on approval; services free. References. 309 W. 99th Street.

LADY, former teacher, Florida seashore home, will give loving care to *delicate* or motherless child. 6,648, Outlook.

WANTED—Care of child. Modern home. Southern climate. Special attention to health. References. 6,659, Outlook.

WANTED, for adoption, in Hartford, Conn., a child, healthy and of good parentage, between the ages of 3 and 8. Can give good home and education. 6,666, Outlook.

TRUSTWORTHY American woman, *experienced in care of children from birth,* would like a baby to board about April first. Pleasant modern house, five minutes' walk from ocean. Artesian water. References required. 6,664, Outlook.

UNMARRIED American woman, several years' experience care of children in private families, wishes child, or children, to care for in her own home. *Not less than ten dollars* weekly for one child. 6,665, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

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The education of your child to become a 100% useful citizen is an absolute necessity today. A hundred years ago a horse and wagon was all there was to the transportation system. Today there is a vast system of railways and waterways which cover the world, and the electric current enables people from the uttermost parts of the earth to speak to each other quickly and easily.

The child of yesterday needed little more than the three R's in order to have a fairly successful life. Today he must have all the equipment you can give him.

In round numbers, what is your child's chance to become successful? If uneducated he has one chance out of 150,000; with a common school education, 4 chances; with a high-school education, 87 chances; with a college education, 800 chances; **with The Book of Knowledge in the home, every chance.** It is not a luxury, it is an absolute necessity. It is an investment in your child's future which will pay dividends as long as he lives.

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What makes shadows?
Why is it warm in summer?
What is camouflage?

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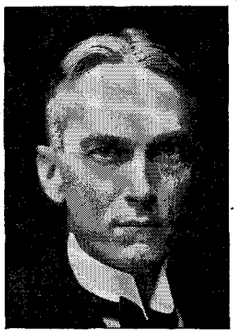
How One Man Has Solved the Labor Problem For 40 Corporations

One man has *done away with strikes in 40 corporations*—has completely done away with all "Labor Troubles" in those corporations.

By the operation of a single big idea he has done away entirely with the ill-will and antagonism of labor. He has gotten from 30% to 300% *MORE WORK from the workers.* He has increased production, lowered costs, cut out gigantic wastes, paid *BIGGER WAGES* to Labor and *BIGGER PROFITS* to Capital.

He has done the impossible. He has not only *revolutionized labor conditions* but he has also given *CAPITAL* a new chance.

His name is John Leitch. And he has done all this merely by putting in operation in these 40 corporations a unique plan which he originated some ten years ago—a plan which he has named "*INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.*"



JOHN LEITCH

In not one of all these 40 industrial plants has there been a strike since Leitch's plan was introduced and carried out. In not a single plant has there been labor dictation, labor antagonism or dissatisfaction. And every one of these plants has *INCREASED PRODUCTION, LOWERED COSTS, PAID BIGGER WAGES AND MADE BIGGER PROFITS.*

John Leitch's plan is somewhat startling—some might even call it revolutionary—but the all important thing about it *is that it WORKS.* It gets *RESULTS*—results that are oftentimes astounding.

And this unique plan is now available to *every Employer.* Leitch's whole scheme of *INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY*—exactly as operated in 40 industrial corporations—is now open to every Employer who wants to investigate its workings.

In a simple, easily read book of less than 300 pages, he has given not only the full details of his plan, but also the *ACTUAL RESULTS IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED for Capital and for Labor in the 40 industrial concerns where it has been carried out. And this book is now ready under the title of*

MAN TO MAN

The Story of Industrial Democracy

In this book John Leitch doesn't give you fanciful theories or the *dreams of an impractical idealist.* He simply gives you the *PROVED METHOD* which 40 corporations have *successfully put into practice.* He gives you specific instances of remarkable accomplishments in plants that are known throughout America—and with the full approval and endorsement of their owners, *gives you the NAMES OF THE CORPORATIONS and the cities in which they are located.*

He gives you the plain record of what *INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY* has accomplished with hardfisted workers and hardheaded employers, in factories and foundries, with both male and female labor, with skilled and unskilled workers, with the illiterate and the intelligent, with those who couldn't speak English and those who could—in plants making steel, pianos, automobile parts, paints, women's wear, men's clothing, boys' waists, paper bags, furniture, tobacco pipes, textiles of various sorts, and in machine shops.

Some Things that John Leitch Tells in "Man to Man"

He tells you how in the small power plant of a manufacturing concern in Indiana the workers themselves, as the result of his method, reduced the annual cost of coal, water, oil and labor from $12,350 to $7,693—a clear saving of $4,657—and *gives you the name of the plant and shows you how they did it.*

He tells you of a group of piece workers getting a piece work rate of 42 cents, who *themselves* devised new and ingenious jigs, cut out lost motion—and *THEN THESE WORKERS SUGGESTED THAT THEIR PIECE WORK RATE BE CUT FROM 42 CENTS TO 11 CENTS.* And they made more money at the low rate than they did before.

He gives you the name of a small factory that formerly employed 268 men, working at top speed, that is now turning out *MORE GOODS* and *BETTER GOODS* than ever before in the company's history—and *DOING IT WITH ONLY 168 MEN.* Both workers and factory are making big profits.

He tells what happened in a foundry where production was constantly falling lower in spite of wage increases piled one on top of another, and how, in the fifth month of the working of the new plan, production was increased *52 per cent over the best previous month in that foundry's history.*

He shows how under his plan the slackers and wasters and professional agitators who block production and cripple profits are automatically thrown out without any worry on the part of the management.

A Small Edition—for Employers Only

We have printed only a small edition. It is not for general distribution. We have printed only a sufficient quantity to fill the needs of those executives and employers who are vitally interested in *SETTLING THE LABOR PROBLEM* once and for all, and *settling it RIGHT.*

John Leitch's book is not a popular novel. **It is not a book to be skimmed through in an hour. On the contrary, one of the best informed men in American industry says: "This book is one of the greatest contributions to American business that has ever been penned. It offers the only practical solution to intolerable labor conditions. Its methods and principles are the methods and principles that MUST BE PUT INTO PRACTICE if we are to escape the scourge of anarchy and riot and wild-eyed BOLSHEVISM—that must be put into practice if Capital is to have a fair chance, and if the people of America are to be happy, contented and prosperous."**

You Need Send No Money

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A BACK-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE

One of the most serious problems to be met during the period of transition in which we are living is that of protecting the thousands of boys and girls who left school to "help win the war," and are many of them being cast adrift on the streets now that the war is over and unemployment is on the increase.

England, according to information furnished by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, has realized the importance of this problem and is making definite attempts toward a solution. The Ministry of Labor is furnishing temporary maintenance allowances for young persons between fourteen and eighteen who are unemployed, and the Board of Education has provided centers to which boys and girls who are out of work may go for instruction and recreation. A pamphlet entitled "Juvenile Employment During the War and After," which has recently been issued by the Ministry of Reconstruction, emphasizes the importance of keeping children in school even after they have reached the legal working age, in order that they may not enter into competition with the children now hunting jobs in the already too crowded field of juvenile employment. The pamphlet recommends that all by-laws permitting exemption from school attendance below the age of fourteen be immediately suspended, and that the local authorities make full use of the power conferred upon them by the recent Education Act, to raise the age for full-time education to fifteen, and to provide a maintenance allowance from the public funds for children who find such "scholarship" a necessary prerequisite to staying in school.

Through a Back-to-School Drive the Children's Bureau, in co-operation with the Council of National Defense, is seeking to stimulate community action for the protection of working children in the United States. Beginning late in the fall, local school welfare committees were formed all over the United States to visit the homes of children who had left school during 1918, in an effort to convince parents and children alike of the value of further education, and to persuade as many working children as possible to return to their studies.

Now, for the space of a month, the Back-to-School Drive has become a Stay-in-School Drive, and all the energies of local workers are being bent toward creating a sentiment in favor of school attendance at least to the age of sixteen, and preferably to the age of eighteen or twenty, for all young people. In many communities funds are being established from which scholarships, similar to those furnished in England from the public moneys, are made available to children who might otherwise have to leave school to go to work. Public interest in the proper enforcement of child labor and school attendance laws is being stimulated, and the need for better legislation is being emphasized.

Limitation of juvenile employment is important as a means of helping to straighten out the present economic tangle. "Not a child at work," urges the Children's Bureau, "so long as there is an idle man on the streets." But it is even more important as a means of preventing future tangles. Child labor is the beginning and the end of a vicious circle of ignorance, inefficiency, ill health, unemployment, and poverty.

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[*Advertisement*]

The Child Who Won The Hearts of All

A true-life story showing how a woman successfully dealt with the responsibilities of motherhood and brought up a child whom everyone admired

A BEAUTIFUL and wonderful experience it was to see the growing-up of little Judith. The pinky, chubby tot with her gurgles and soft coos of delight tugged at the heartstrings of every one who saw her. As babyhood grew into girlhood, the blossoming forth was a joy to behold. All the lovable traits and good qualities which parents hope their children will have seemed to be combined in little Judith.

The joy of it all was that the mother's friends were as completely captivated by the charms of Judith as was the mother herself. For whenever these friends met their first remark would always be, "Have you seen Judith lately?—Isn't she the most adorable child!"—and "Oh, how I envy Mrs. Garrison!—A wonderful mother and a wonderful child!"

One bright sunshiny day, while taking my morning walk in the park, I found Judith and her mother playing hide-and-seek. Judith's mother and I were old friends. We sat down on the grass together for a visit—and Judith played around.

Of course, we talked about the child, for I loved her almost as much as her mother did. As I watched this remarkable child playing I thought of the tremendous responsibility of the mother. I asked her how she had met it. And this is what she told me:

"When Judith was born, my first feeling was one of utter helplessness. I knew nothing about caring for a child. I was afraid—afraid that I might do the wrong thing. I wondered if other mothers had felt that same haunting fear for their child's welfare. And even though Judith thrived under my care, I never could quite shake off the feeling that I might do the wrong thing.

"Never shall I forget the day when my helplessness overwhelmed me completely. Judith was about 2½ years old—just old enough to begin to play, to notice things and to ask questions.

"I had corrected her for striking me in the face with a ball. Then I went to get the ball and had my back to her for a moment. As I turned around with the ball, I saw something that nearly broke my heart! There was Judith, in an attitude of defiance, making a face at me!

"For a moment I couldn't move nor speak. Was it possible that Judith didn't love me and had lost confidence in me?

"For days I struggled with the problem, haunted by the fear that my child didn't love me. Then I realized that something had to be done, and done quickly. So I went to my friends and asked frankly for advice. If I had followed all that advice I shudder to think of what might have happened to Judith!

"By good fortune I learned of The Parents' Association, formed for the purpose of giving the very information I was seeking. I was astounded! They told me all the things I'd been puzzling over, and lots of surprising things I'd never even thought of.

"These revelations gave me a most wonderful feeling of confidence. I learned how to control Judith—to break naughty little habits just taking root, and to nourish the sweet ways which everyone loved. And then . . . but there's no need to go into details, for you can see what it has done. I give The Parents' Association full credit."

The heart of every mother thrills with pride when she hears some whole-souled, notable man proudly stand up and say, as Lincoln said, "All that I am and that I hope to be I owe to my mother." Never was a greater truth uttered than this. For the course of one's whole life is shaped in childhood.

There is no greater responsibility in the world than that of being a parent. A child is what its parents make it. Heredity, environment and education all count, it's true. But all these points are as nothing compared with the right training in a child's tender and flexible years.

To love and cherish one's children is the joy of parenthood. But something more than love is due a child. And this is the right training—training that will not only give health and brightness, but will equip the child to become a power in the world.

The Parents' Association is an organization devoted to scientific child training which has over 20,000 members in twenty-one countries. It was founded by Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), after years of scientific research and practical experience in child training. President Beery is regarded by those who know his work as one of the greatest authorities on child culture. No man has a better knowledge of human nature or a more sympathetic understanding of children.

In order to bring his new and simple system to parents everywhere, President Beery has put his methods within the reach of all through a little course in six parts called "The New Way in Child Training" which the Association is offering for free examination to all who are interested.

Through this course avenues of knowledge which will astound you are opened up. Things which have worried you will become as clear as day. You will be amazed at the tremendous possibilities of child training. And best of all you can get this vital information immediately. You will marvel at the remarkable and instant results.

For in these lessons you will find definite suggestions for securing results with children of all ages from babyhood to maturity as a glimpse at the contents will tell you. Here are a few of the subjects dealt with: Understanding your children; Fundamentals in child training; How to procure obedience; Common mistakes—how to avoid them; The right and wrong way of punishment; How to be a successful parent, etc., etc.

If your child disobeys, you can turn to these lessons and you will learn just how to secure willing and immediate obedience, for President Beery cites exactly the steps to take by telling just how other mothers have, through his methods, solved the very same problem.

And in the same way by actual illustrations he shows how to overcome almost instantly selfishness, boastfulness, shyness, cowardice, deceitfulness—all practically without punishing.

To gain the child's confidence—that in a nutshell is the secret of bringing up children so that they will become honorable, fine, successful men and women. Whipping and many other forms of punishment have done more to wreck lives than any other factor.

Millions of parents have unknowingly committed crimes against their children through methods which promoted deceit and disobedience—the very things they wanted to overcome.

With "The New Way in Child Training" at hand you will be able to know exactly what to do each day to bring out the most in your children and with President Beery's methods you actually save time and friction to say nothing of the many times better results you obtain.

Would You Like to Know How—

- to obtain cheerful obedience always?
- to correct mistakes of early training?
- to keep child from crying?
- to suppress temper in children without punishment?
- to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
- to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
- to prevent quarreling and fighting?
- to cure impertinence? Disrespect? Sauciness?
- to teach unselfishness? Carefulness? Fairness?
- to teach child self-control?
- to cure a child of the habit of whining?
- to keep a boy at home in the evening?
- to cure a child of saying, "I don't want to"?
- to teach a child to go willingly to bed?
- to treat a child who laughs at commands?
- to overcome obstinacy?
- to cultivate mental concentration?
- to teach honesty and truthfulness?

These are only a few of many questions explained, in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy.

NO MONEY REQUIRED

It is not necessary to send any money to examine President Beery's Course "The New Way in Child Training." Merely fill out and mail the coupon below and by return post, all charges prepaid, the course will reach you for free examination.

Almost as amazing as are the results of President Beery's methods, is the low price. The cost to you, if after five days' free examination you decide to keep the lessons, is only $5. And no one in the world can put a high enough money value on the things they teach for they can easily mean the difference between failure and success for those little ones of yours.

The present price, however, will remain in force for a short time only, so mail the coupon now and at least look over the wonderful "New Way in Child Training" course which thousands of fathers and mothers everywhere say is the greatest aid that has ever come into their homes.

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Gentlemen:

You may send me President Beery's course "The New Way in Child Training" in six parts. I will either remail it to you within five days or send you $5.

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